

Books and Authors

Elia After a Hundred Years

By DESMOND MacCARTHY

Broadcast on December 27, centenary of the death of Charles Lamb

IRISE, or rather I sit down, to propose the memory of Charles Lamb, among whose admirers so many, so exceptionally many, feel as though they were actually his friends.

The vogue of an author is dependent on the taste of the age, and even a classic is exposed to the variations of fashion. But what am I saying? In the same lifetime according to our age, in the same year according to our experience, sometimes at different hours of the same day, we prefer one book, one style, one mind to another. Lamb is a classic, but he is a little classic; and it is little classics who are, as a rule, most subject to fluctuations of appreciation. Yet in spite of four generations having come and gone, how high the *Essays of Elia* stand! It is the more remarkable because Lamb is an intimate, self-descriptive writer, since at no point is one generation more likely to differ from the next than about where the line of reserve ought to be drawn. It is this, by-the-bye, that often makes communication between children and parents so difficult; they are shy or frank about different things. Thus what may appear to readers of one generation as winning trustfulness in an author, to a previous generation may have seemed

spiritual indelicacy, or may seem to the next a lack of frankness. But Lamb wrote about himself so gracefully, so sincerely, that he has escaped criticism from both directions, though perhaps not entirely from those today who honour naked exposure and violently distrust the arts of amiability. Again, as far as style is concerned, though his graces are not those most in favour at the moment, the triumphs of his style are clear to all who understand the art of writing. It is a very bookish style; he has a very mannered manner. Lamb always writes as one to whom words are a delight in themselves, and though no one cared more genuinely for the things he wrote about, joy lay for him in the *manner* of describing them. He is distinctly an art-for-art's-sake writer.

Once when a friend objected to his love of archaic forms of

speech, he stammered out that for his part he wrote for 'antiquity'. He could not bring himself to write a tame sentence; he could never resist a fine old word. He delighted in the vigour and quaintness of seventeenth-century English, and his mastery lay in using it to record homely, intimate experience. He acquired from the old writers whom he loved

a lofty, fanciful way of treating trivial things. It became a second nature with him. His work is more full of exquisitely apt literary phrases than that of perhaps any other prose writer. It is quite unnecessary to add that he also stands high among English humorists, or that he is one of the great English sentimentalists—perhaps the best of them. His humour is the humour of sympathy, even when it takes the form of self-delighting extravagance. His sentiment is that of one who loves to share the little arts of happiness, to whom past things are peculiarly endeared because they are no more, who is content with 'the most kindly and natural species of love', as he calls it, in the place of passion. And all this, visible in his work, is borne out by those who have examined his life. One and all, the nearer they have approached him the



Charles and Mary Lamb. A painting by Francis Stephan Cary, 1834

National Portrait Gallery

more they have loved him. Here lies, indeed, some danger for his reputation. People tire of being told how good and yet how human he was; how faithful though freakish; how bravely gay despite the tragedy which shadowed his life; how excusable his failings were and how right we are to forget them. Only Lamb himself could do full justice to the perverse impulse towards detraction such partiality, almost inevitable though it be, may chance to provoke in others. It is the sort of impulse he understood well himself. If you ever feel it, recall that one of the few occasions on which he showed a spurt of resentment was when Coleridge called him 'gentle' in print; he would have been exasperated to find himself referred to as 'St. Charles'.

When Froude published Carlyle's *Reminiscences* few passages roused more indignation than its contemptuous

comments upon Lamb. 'A very sorry pair of phenomena', Carlyle wrote of Charles and Mary Lamb, recalling how he and Jane had visited them twice or thrice at Enfield: 'Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor Lamb' . . . 'His talk contemptibly small screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believes of wit, in fact, more like diluted insanity than anything real of jocosity, humour or geniality'. This passage stirred Swin-

say, 'New Year's Eve', where shall I stop? That Essay is like a piece of music which modulates from one mood into another, from gravest meditation into gay resentment. If I wrench a fragment from the middle of it, please remember also how it ends.

'In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle"'. Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluctant at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terrible and fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me'.

The essence of Lamb himself is in that passage, and what a lovely passage of prose it is!



Lamb's second home at Enfield

burne into writing two of his most vituperative sonnets on Carlyle, and in defence of one who had written, he said, 'The brightest words wherein sweet wisdom smiled'. I mention this literary episode because it is an example of the protective devotion Lamb's memory wakes, and partly because this passage, though written in one of Carlyle's most curmudgeonly moods, also contains phrases which make us see Lamb as he was shortly before he died, and incidentally touch the secret of his charm as a writer. 'He was the leanest of mankind', Carlyle continues, 'tiny black breeches buttoned to the kneecap, and no farther, surmounting spindle-legs also in black, face and head fineish, black, bony, lean and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual (something of real insanity I have understood), and yet something, too, of human, ingenuous, pathetic, sportfully much enduring'. Carlyle, we forgive you for the sake of that phrase 'sportfully much enduring', which suggests that which attracts everyone who reads his life (in no book so faithfully and vividly reflected as in Mr. E. V. Lucas' fine biography). And also something that gives depth and poetry to even his lightest work—a dark deposit of a tragic tenderness which relieves the restless glitter of its gaiety.

'In his subtle capacity for enjoying the more refined points of earth, of human relationship, he could throw the gleam of poetry or humour on what seemed common or threadbare; has a care for the sighs, and the weary humdrum preoccupations of very weak people, down to their little pathetic "gentilities", even; while, in the purely human temper, he can write of death, almost like Shakespeare'. So Walter Pater wrote of him.

How tempting to illustrate that! Yet if I begin to quote from,

Lamb was a critic before he was an essayist. He did not find himself as a subject till he was forty-five. The *Essays of Elia* are largely autobiographical; and like so many of the finest products of the Romantic movement, they are in fact 'Confessions', prompted by different themes. Much of their substance is fetched from Lamb's boyhood, having lain many years in



Interior of the second Enfield house

Photographs: Peggy Delius

his memory unused. Those essays 'are' (I quote Professor Elton) 'in essence poems: in so far, that is, as they are not the work of the "understanding", that mere arguing and expounding faculty against which Coleridge planned so many treatises, nor yet a mere Defoe-like reporting of the actual, hard and gritty in its vividness; but proceed from the brooding fancy, which softens the lines of the past, and purges its dross, mysteriously, without blurring or falsification of the truth'.

Yes, passages in them are 'poems in prose'. Facts recalled in them, having lain many years beneath the level of deliberate recollection, have turned into visions; visions in which the essence of the past resides. True wisdom, if we are to believe Mr. Santayana, lies in the contemplation of Essences; certainly they are the stuff from which good literature is made. Hence, too, the charm of charity which pervades Lamb's work. When we see our lives and those of others mirrored as essences, impatience falls away. The charm of charity! How different from the bogus charm of one who as he writes is 'arranging himself in a mellow light, inviting us with gentle persistence to note how lovable he is'. How different Lamb is from many of his school! I have not time to discuss him as a critic, but scattered through his letters, in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, and in his essays, are some of the most imaginative and unerring perceptions to be found in the whole body of English criticism. Such essays as that on 'Artificial Comedy' and on 'Shakespeare's Tragedies' considered with reference to their fitness for stage production, contain considerations which lead straight to

the heart of æsthetic problems, though the method of the writer has only been to report what he has felt. This is the triumph of a critic who is also an artist in his work and not merely an analyst. Lamb had a superb gift for appreciation. That he was a poet himself is the secret of his greatness as a critic. Of course he had limitations. He was more sensitive to things old than new, to things old in literature, as he was to the by-gone characteristics of places, people and customs. Early this year Mr. E. V. Lucas is bringing out a complete edition of Lamb's letters—at least complete in so far as letters so scattered can ever be completely assembled. It will be one of the most companionable books. I should like to end with Lamb's words on my lips. He is among the lesser luminaries of English literature, but—

'Hail, candle-light! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindest luminary of the three—if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon!—We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle-light. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our particular and household planet'. And so is Lamb.

Science

Science in 1934

By GERALD HEARD

HOW much further during 1934 have we pushed our discoveries of the world? We have practically finished our discovery of the surface. Admiral Byrd's aeroplanes have now allowed us to glimpse the huge mountain chains and tablelands of the antarctic continent—the last unknown. We know that the earth's surface holds no further completely strange surroundings for us to find. So now the way ahead lies up and down. Dr. Beebe's bathosphere has taken us down to 3,028 feet. That seems little, but it is a great stride considering he has extended diving distance some fifteen times further than divers went before. It is also wonderful because he has found large fishes down there, a point I will return to later. Of course now the echo-sounding gear is allowing us accurately to measure the deep—another triumph completed this year—we know the ocean goes down in one place nine miles, so we are now only a fifteenth of the way to the bottom. Our deepest into the earth now stands at 8,380 feet. Here we are finding heat and pressure rising so that our limit may lie not much further down. Up above, however, the path is more open. The frontier there now stands at some 12 miles for man and 20 for his machines. As one of the chief dangers for life beyond that frontier is the cosmic radiation, it is somewhat amazing to find that life has now been traced up to 20,600 feet. Again it looks as though life could push out and on much further than we imagined. Beebe found 20-foot long fishes living where we thought life couldn't be, in absolute dark, in a chill which never rises above four degrees over freezing, under a pressure which would smash us like an egg. Now planes have gathered bacteria at heights where life should be sterilised and frozen. These bacteria seem to be the harmless basic forms of life. Further, we have just had proof that life can grow below freezing point.

We must clear up a few more physical records, records of what nature can do. Here also we have had to enlarge our notions and widen the boundaries we had set. Again to start with simple things: the record for high wind is now standing at 231 m.p.h., measured at Mt. Washington, by Harvard meteorologists last April. 'And after the raging wind the fire': the record for the hottest spot we can get at, the centre of an electric arc flame, is now found to be 3,810 centigrade degrees above absolute zero—a very respectable heat to have at our disposal, and only to be surpassed if we could get to the centre of the earth or out to the stars. And mentioning the stars calls up another frontier. You know we had a picture of ourselves, sun and planets, all belonging to a super solar system—the galaxy. And beyond that, spaced out quite regularly, other super solar systems, island universes. There was, however, one puzzle in this picture. Our galaxy appeared to be much bigger than all the other galaxies. That seemed suspiciously provincial, to find ourselves so much bigger than everyone else. Now we have pricked that vast bubble reputation. It has been found that our home galaxy looked big because many of its stars looked red and because of that colour they were estimated to

be immensely far away. Now it is thought these red stars are much closer, and so the whole ball of us is much smaller than we had calculated—in fact, this supposed local inflammation has been reduced to the same size as the other galaxies. That is not a dull conclusion, however. Quite the reverse. It means that the red stars look red because they glower at us, as our sun does, through a fog. But this fog is floating in great banks far out in space. And what is more, the fog is thickest at the centre of the galaxy. What does it hide? A super-sun which would otherwise blind and radiate us to death? Perhaps: here at least is a full-scale cosmic mystery. That thought may daunt our hope of exploration: so here comes news of how our powers of finding out have grown in the twelve months. You know that the 200-inch mirror has at last at the second shot been successfully cast—not only twice as large as any mirror man has ever made, but perhaps the largest mirror he will ever make.

And beside this, for exploring the infinitely far and large, we have the electron microscope now for exploring where light fails because of sheer minuteness. And as science is not merely power of seeing but being able to measure, we have a new hand in the spectroscope which will divide up, no less than ten thousand times, the angstrom, which itself is a section of only a hundred millionth of a centimetre. We have seen that the lock which shuts up the secret of how living forms grow and change, lies down in the infinitely little, just as the secret of alchemy, the transmutation of metals, lies down there, too.

Then you remember 1934 saw the making of a new element, but I can only mention that in passing. I have been hardly able to give you one example of each of the great explorations pushed forward this year—there are swarms of examples of each, and, beside the obviously startling explorations, there are innumerable other discoveries, nearly all of which are fascinating and any one of which may prove a winner, by completely transforming our lives.

So 1934 closes for science. Everything is on the move. The whole universe is showing an aliveness which must rouse adventure in any who still can feel a twinge of curiosity. Whatever 1935 may hold for other interests, for those who watch science what an exciting time to be entering upon! We are certain of reaching a dozen rich goals, yes, and finding them gateways opening on still more amazing prospects. Even time, familiar, inexorable time, as we study it, is beginning to unbend, and what we took to be a beat which no excitement could even stir, begins to vary, to waver and we glimpse a condition beyond which even time can't go.

Here lies the greatest mystery of all and perhaps the greatest triumph of the scientific mind—that we now study and calculate and work in dimensions which are outside time. That is perhaps the most exciting question which 1934 can ask: what will time be tomorrow?

Art

Time and Place in the Arts—II

By ANTHONY BLUNT

AFTER the grand revival of classicism brought about in the time of the Renaissance, architecture remained satisfied with its language for a long period. Revolutions of every kind took place internally and the Baroque style replaced the more severe Renaissance manner, but this was achieved without architects turning suddenly back to a vanished style and without their actually abandoning the classical orders, though they strained to the full their flexibility. Countries outside Italy absorbed the Baroque from Rome and Lombardy just as they had absorbed the Renaissance, and the stages of the process were the same.

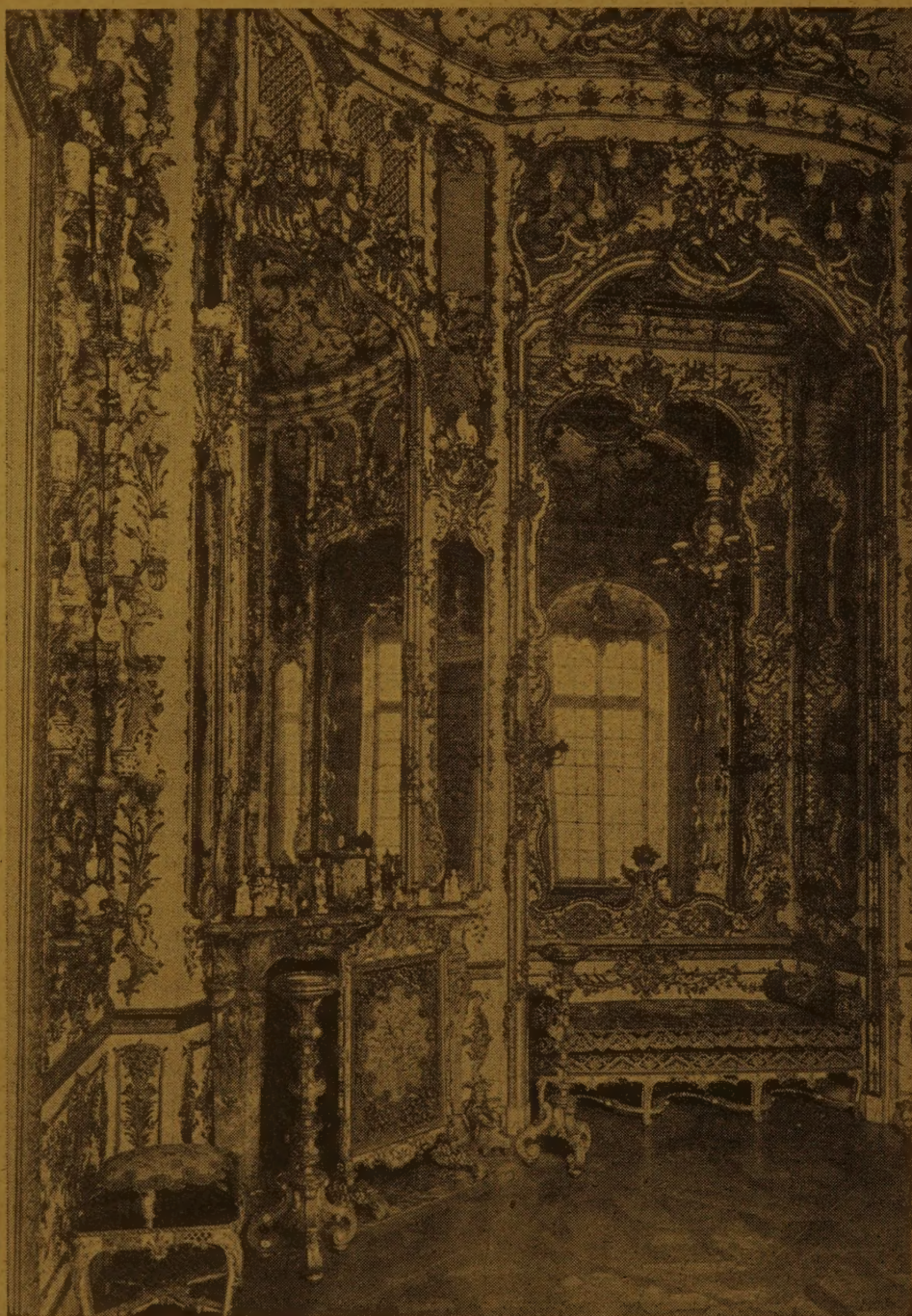
In the eighteenth century there occurred one of the most peculiar importations of a foreign style to be found in the history of the arts, namely, the introduction of elements of Chinese art into interior decoration and later even into architecture. At first sight the grafting of an art of the Far East on to the European tradition may seem a fantastic and hopeless task. But various special circumstances tended to make it successful. The tendency of the arts in the Baroque period had been in the direction of the decorative. Architecture

had ceased to be essentially a matter of structural problems; painting and sculpture had abandoned some of their realism; and all three arts met in a new fusion on the common ground of decoration. Now this was a situation favourable to the introduction of Chinese motives, since the importers of this style knew practically nothing of Chinese architecture and based their innovations on portable objects such as porcelain and furniture, from which they copied their decorative designs. Further, the Chinese influence began just as decorators were beginning to react against the extreme massiveness of the later

Baroque style, especially in the form it had taken on in the court of Louis XIV. Certain designers had, in fact, already been experimenting with the grotesques used in the sixteenth century and to them Chinese motives were a godsend, since flatness, elegance and lightness are the treatment which they demand. The Chinese influence was largely responsible for

the development of the Rococo style in France, though oriental designs became, ultimately, so completely intermingled among elaborate curves, derived from a European tradition, that the final result hardly looks Chinese at all. Some of the finest products of their style are the little china closets built in the palaces of Germany to house collections of oriental porcelain, of which perhaps the most exquisite is that made from the designs of Cuvilliers in the Residenz in Munich. In England the Chinese influence was not so successful. It had an important effect on furniture, but it led also to the building of too many gazebos and pagodas and may be partly responsible for the curves of our modern band-stands.

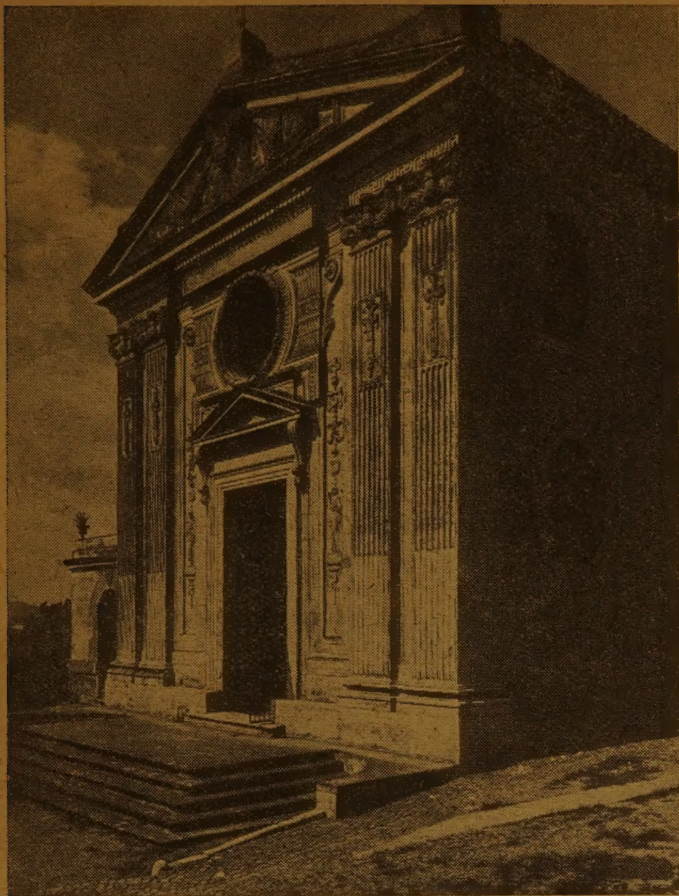
Soon after the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Rococo had frittered away its energy, it



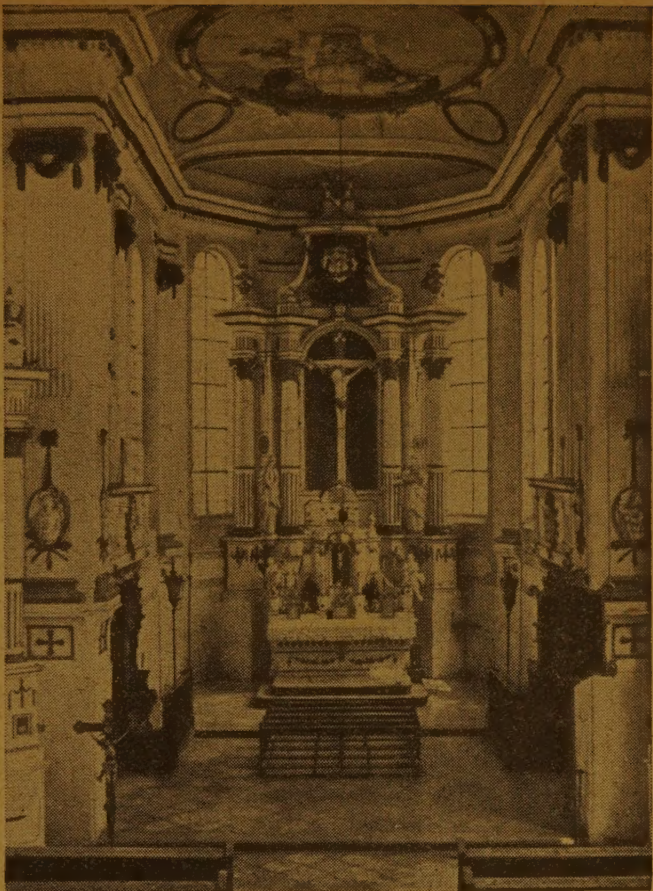
What the Rococo made of Chinese motives; mirror cabinet in the Residenz, Munich (1731)

By courtesy of the Residenz Museum, Munich

was gradually replaced in popular esteem by a movement of a very different kind. Stimulated by the immense advances which archaeology had been recently making, and also tired of the extreme of light-heartedness to which the Rococo had been pushed, architects began to clamour for a return to a genuine classicism. Protests were poured out against the liberties which Baroque architects had taken with the classical orders, and against the complete neglect of them which characterised the Rococo. Simplicity, severity and regularity replaced the inventiveness, fantasy and licence of the Baroque and Rococo periods.



By courtesy of Istituto Nazionale Luce, Rome
S. Maria del Priorato, Rome (1765)



Church interior at Ingstetten, Swabia (1790)



• Church in the Lazarew Cemetery, Moscow (early nineteenth century)

E.N.A.

Three ways in which the native tradition was modified by the classical revival in the late eighteenth century



'And thus this unsubstantial Fabrick falling left a sad wreck behind!'

Pride may come before a fall when decoration takes precedence of architecture. The 'unsubstantial Fabrick' of Gothick Fonthill fell in 1825, only a few years after the completion of the central tower, over 200 feet high

Reproduced from a contemporary print

Two features particularly distinguish this revival from others which we have considered. First, it seems to have been developed almost independently in several countries at once; in Italy where the Rococo had never properly ousted the Baroque, in France where it had been invented, and even in Germany where it had attained its greatest freedom and finest flowering. This parallel development in several places at once may be due to the fact that the discoveries of archæologists, particularly the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, were immediately available to students all over Europe by the vast series of engravings in which they were recorded. The second characteristic of this revival, which distinguishes it particularly from the classical revival of the Renaissance, is

that it was marked generally by a return to Greece rather than Roman models. The Greek influence was more than anything responsible for the extreme severity and simplicity which the neo-classicists of the eighteenth century imposed upon themselves.

The fact that architects turned to so remote a source as Greece for their inspiration was a bad sign for the revival, and those who confined themselves to the direct imitation of Greek Doric temples did in fact produce little of value. But fortunately most architects could not entirely escape from the influence of Rome, the idiom of which was by this time the common property of Europe, however much it may have been forgotten for periods in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Moreover, one circumstance saved this revival from complete artificiality. It was, more than any other, an example of a very small architectural minority turning itself into a majority. All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there had been a tradition of architects who were opposed to the extreme freedom of their contemporaries. Even in Rome this tradition had survived, and in France and England it had generally been at least as powerful as its opponents. The neo-classical movement was therefore to some extent the triumph of the principles of men like Wren or Galilei or the elder Gabriel who had retained, sometimes almost in isolation, a respect for the ideals of classical architecture. Since it had these roots in each country, neo-classicism was able easily to become a national style wherever it was practised. In Rome, in the hands of Piranesi, it absorbed a quantity of Etruscan elements. In Germany, it often took over the forms of Rococo churches, and merely simplified both plans and decoration. In Russia, where it produced perhaps its greatest masterpieces, it adapted itself to local principles, as for instance, in the church of the Lazarew Cemetery in Moscow, with its play of round domes over square blocks. In England, where



David's famous painting of Madame Recamier (1800) shows the fashionable classical revival in dress and furniture

Louvre.

it found less to purge than in any other country, it produced some of our best pieces of town-planning, like old Regent Street, and many disasters of misplaced archaeology.

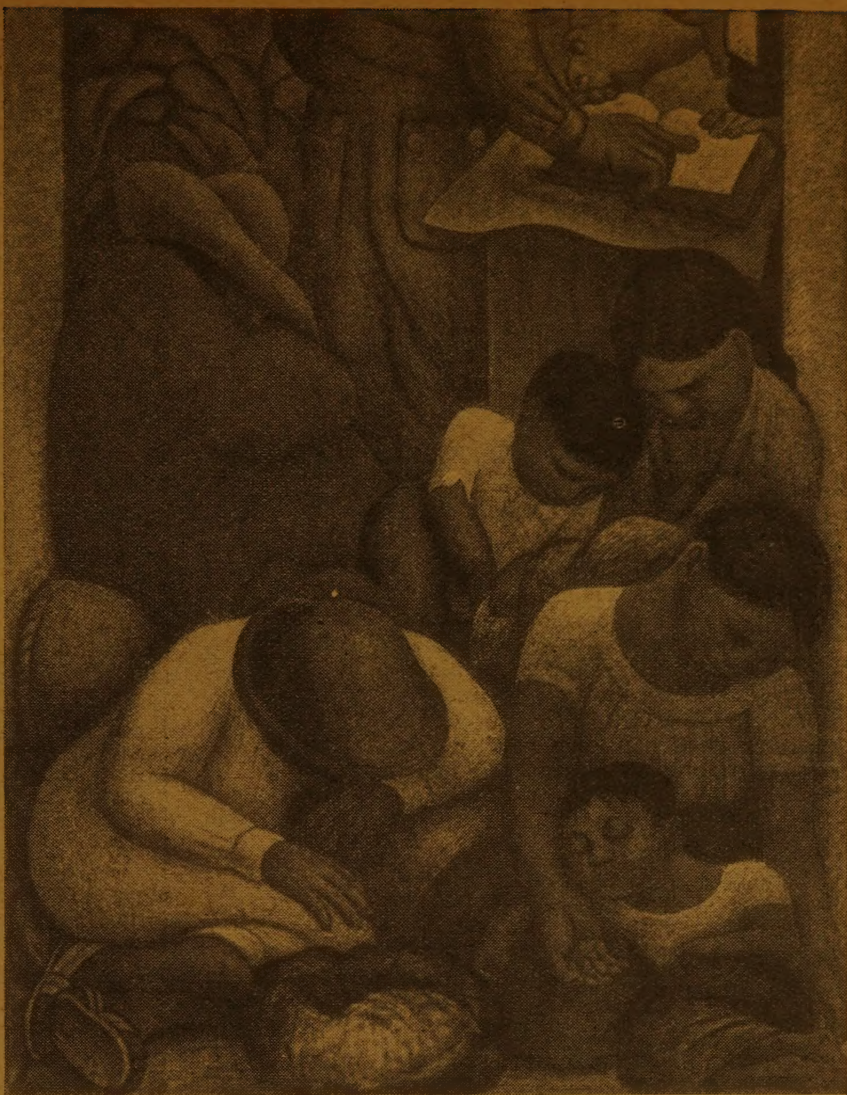
The nineteenth century in England was dominated by the Gothic Revival, which is of all revivals the one which most closely affects us today. It had many features in its favour. Its supporters were trying to revive a style deeply rooted in their own country and one which in many ways expresses national characteristics. To a large extent they were applying it to the problems for which it was invented, namely the building of churches, and certainly the movement was not let down by lack of individual talent. Pugin and Butterfield were able enough, but unhappily the movement was condemned almost from the beginning. The Gothic Revival was started as a decorative game, as the appropriate equivalent in England for the Rococo in France. Horace Walpole used it at Strawberry Hill as an agreeable wall covering, and it was particularly associated in its early days with summer-houses in the form of ruins. Beckford, by sheer force of imagination, made out of this style a building of unparalleled splendour as a show. Fonthill Abbey was sublime, but it was a sublime joke. The fact that it fell down was partly due to bad luck, but it was appropriate, for Fonthill had carried the Baroque tendency to decoration beyond its furthest possible limit. When structure is neglected to the point that a building will not stand up, then the joke of decoration threatens to become a bad joke.

The Gothic Revival had a dangerous start in life, since it was presented to the public mainly by amateurs of whom Walpole and Beckford are the most distinguished. But it soon got into even worse hands. In the early nineteenth century it was taken up by the archaeologists, who demanded of architects a standard of accuracy to their mediæval models which had been far from the mind of Beckford. Pugin might have made something serious of the Revival, but he was constantly hampered by a too great knowledge of real Gothic, of which there were only too many examples to hand, and usually he had not even the opportunity to modify his borrowings since he was taking from churches to build similar churches.

Apart from this over-archæological attitude, two other features made the revival a failure and make it still a failure when it is attempted today. The Gothic was a style which more than any other sprang directly from the religious needs of its own times, was constantly sensitive to changes in these needs, and never formulated its rules. This makes it an almost impossible style to imitate in an age when religious feeling is absent. Further, Gothic is, more than any other style, dependent on a high standard of craftsmanship for the execution of its detail. It is impossible to see how modern mechanical devices can give to carved detail that particular personal quality on which the beauty of many Gothic churches depends.

At the present day we live surrounded by revivals in the arts, all, apparently, equally hopeless. It may seem a weak explanation, but I believe it to be the correct one, to say that our revivals today are failures because they contain hardly a single one of the features which, we have seen, led to success in earlier revivals. The leading motive behind most of them seems to be a kind of romantic snobbishness which makes a Tudor house desirable and a film about Henry VIII successful. We have no genuine sympathy with any one style or civilisation, and in our despair we plunge about from the Greek to the Tudor and from the semi-Baroque to the half-hearted Gothic. In Germany they have even had a Neo-Rococo and in America a Neo-Romanesque movement.

Our lack of positive beliefs makes a great movement in the arts impossible, and the one genuinely original style of the day,



Detail from 'While the Poor Sleep', a fresco by Diego Rivera
From 'The Frescoes of Diego Rivera' (Museum of Modern Art, New York City)

Functionalism, though it has done much to clear the air, is too limited and negative to produce great architecture. Only in painting is there an isolated example which holds out better hopes for the future. The paintings of Diego Rivera appear at first sight a revival of the religious style practised by Giotto in the fourteenth century. The similarity is, apparently, accidental in the sense that Rivera has not consciously imitated the work of Giotto, but in another sense it is the reverse of accidental. Rivera paints like Giotto because he paints for the same reason. He has a particular kind of idea to convey to the world and his method of expression is developed for that purpose. His idea—that of Communism—is unlike that of Giotto—the idea of mediæval Catholicism—but the fact that both artists are engaged in conveying something more than purely pictorial feelings brings them close together. This kind of revival, unconscious, we believe, and based on similarity of circumstances, has a greater chance of success than even the most fortunately placed of the revivals of the last five hundred years.

A small exhibition of unusual character is in progress at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, till January 11 (open to the public on weekdays from 10—6, on presentation of a visiting card). It consists of a collection of books, kindly lent by Mr. P. Schmid, which were published in England between 1668 and 1856, and give instructions in drawing, perspective, oil painting, water-colour, and miniature painting. Many of these books are finely illustrated, and throw much light upon methods and materials used in the past. The exhibition, the first of its kind to be organised in London, is therefore of particular interest to artists and students of art.

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The Listener

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Enter 1935

THE advent of a New Year is a natural occasion for stocktaking and the framing of resolutions. Individuals who have ended the old year with the great feast of Christmas, commonly begin the new with bills to pay, in a mood well suited for grim resolves and new schedules for the employment of their time and funds. For the whole nation, reviewing its public activities, the unit of twelve months is less apt. It is the five, and still more the ten, years' period which really lends itself to an appraisal of trends and developments. Little seems to happen each year, and a great deal can be seen to have happened in five. The middle point in the nineteen-thirties was a date freely used in the prophecies of the years immediately succeeding the end of the War, and often figured in sanguine perorations as the time when the harvest of reconstruction would be reaped. In the event, it finds this country emerging from a period, which has already lasted over three years, of intense difficulty and, equally, of active re-education. While it was common in the nineteen-twenties for men to speak of 1913 as the normal, or at any rate as the satisfactory, year by whose standards, and particularly by whose statistics, post-War years might expect to be judged, the last few years have seen 1929 elevated to that precarious eminence; until the steady stream of events has carried us far away from all such reckonings. As Mr. Graham Hutton said in summing up the recent symposium on Poverty in Plenty, national policies, in contrast with the old free internationalism in finance and trade, are eggs which cannot be unscrambled.

The most doughty upholder of the old order of things and the most optimistic welcomer of the new must both accept the fact that we have moved into uncharted waters. When Parliament rose for the recess it rose to a statement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer affirming the complete responsibility of the Government for monetary policy, a statement which marked with singular definiteness the change not only from the pre-War period but even from 1931. There are yet many men who still live spiritually in the top-hatted City of London of the reign of Edward VII, to whom all the post-War exten-

sions or reoccupations of authority by governments are alike unnatural and ill-omened. But in its largest terms the process of conscious control is one that has come about from the necessities of the case. Thus in the crucial example of monetary policy, the severity of the financial crisis of 1931, and the world-wide ramifications of the troubles which followed on disturbances in Vienna and New York, proved the extreme complexity and delicacy of the organisation which had grown up. Those responsible for the well-being of their peoples found themselves compelled to take immediate measures to mitigate immediate misfortunes, and also to plan against any recurrence, perhaps on a yet larger scale, in the future. To people in this country, who are naturally predisposed in favour of whatever has grown up over several generations and prejudiced against whatever is first planned on paper, the new developments have come unwelcomed, and have had to establish their necessity one by one. Chartered Corporations, public utility companies, Agricultural Boards, all are concrete embodiments of a recognition that, in field after field, we can no longer trust to the play of natural forces.

Among the latest signs of this tendency is the increasing control of the roads, of what may be built beside them, and what use may be made of them. A few days ago the British Science Guild heard a reasoned plea from Lt.-Col. Mervyn O'Gorman and Sir William Bragg for a scientific study of road traffic problems, to discover the laws of traffic flow. They pointed out that control today did not really rest on the possession of complete data, such as the seriousness of the high accident ratio demands. Traffic flows are a fitting subject for intensive study, and a good example of the kind of problem with which the results of individual enterprise worked under constant regulation confront public men today. The discovery of a new medium in the wireless has come at an exceedingly opportune moment. There was never a time when public questions lent themselves less to simple antitheses, to clear-cut slogans, and the methods of the platform and the stump. The tasks of modern governments require a high degree, if not of understanding co-operation, at least of intelligent acquiescence from the widely-differing interests each measure or scheme affects. The congestion of parliamentary business means that only the major issues can hope for at all adequate treatment on the floor of the House. Yet each of the numerous Departments of State handles a volume of complicated business, which may at any time call for the patience and good will of the mass of the population. In a time characterised by the need for building new structures without demolishing old, for grafting new and therefore untested principles on to inherited and now inadequate institutions, for planning in what are already built-up areas, the means for collecting, exchanging and diffusing information and points of view take on a quite exceptional importance.

Week by Week

THE New Year sees the hundred-and-fiftieth year of publication of *The Times*, which was founded in 1785. The name by which it has since become a household word was not adopted till 1788, and it was as the *Daily Universal Register* that it first made its appearance. A newspaper is, of its nature, written for the day and hour, and nothing is less read than the newspapers of yesterday. But if anyone were gifted with the leisure and patience to read the whole of *The Times*, from number one to today's issue, he would have a wonderful panorama of the transformation of England. When the first John Walter and his friends, representatives of the City merchants who were disgusted with the failure of George III and Lord North in their handling of the American Colonies, decided to found a newspaper, their motives were primarily political and *The Times* devoted itself to extending the size

of the Stranger's Gallery in the Houses of Parliament so that the whole of educated England might attend through its pages at the debates and might form, under emphatic guidance, the strongest possible views about what ought to be done inside the framework of Parliamentary procedure. It is not so much because Parliament shrank as because other sides of national activity grew and broadened that the basis and the bulk of the journal expanded. Its history (of which an account, down to 1841, has just appeared and will be reviewed in *THE LISTENER*), the progressive reaching-out after a wider public, the popularisation which has led to the discreet addition, little by little, of light literary articles, of humorous leading articles, of pictures, even crossword puzzles and general knowledge papers, illustrates and reflects, in one medium, the great change which has come over English life. *The Times* still reports parliamentary debates with fullness and care, devoting a page at least to them each day when Parliament is sitting; but the modern newspaper has become much more than its forerunners and serves a great number of distinct publics, the sporting, the legal, the financial, as well as that more nebulous personage, the General Reader. English journalism, even in its more massive forms, is vigorously alive to the fact that papers may easily defeat their purposes if there is too much in them. In America, particularly in the Sunday editions, there are papers which are as much as one man can carry, divided into six or seven voluminous sections, and not intended to be generally perused by the same individual. The English Press may justly pride itself on having preserved in a particular degree a balance between the old and the new; between the new spates of specialised information from many fields of activity, and the old central idea, of which *The Times* is the pre-eminent embodiment in English social history, that the self-respecting citizen, the John Bull of Victorian England, desired, and, indeed, demanded, to be able to survey from his breakfast table the doings of his own Government in the first place but also those of foreign nations and of evil-doers generally. He liked his paper to be magisterial, for he felt magisterial while he read it.

* * *

So many important educational questions depend upon the problem of homework, that it is good to hear that Board of Education Inspectors are at present paying special attention to it. If doubt exists as to the dangers of overwork, it can be removed by consulting Sir George Newman's recent report on *The Health of the School Child*. The fact that the percentage incidence of defective eyesight or of spinal curvature, is higher among secondary than among elementary school-children, who do not do homework, should be alone sufficient to warrant a thorough investigation. But the problem of homework cannot be treated in isolation. It arises at the point where the school makes contact with the community life around it. What may well be for one child, in disturbing home surroundings, the most trying part of the day's work, may by another be accomplished in ease and quiet. Here is an aspect of the problem for the parents to consider. Next the business men must do some thinking. As long as they insist on what Mr. H. L. O. Flecker, at the Headmasters' Conference last week, called 'academic qualifications, altogether disproportionate to the work demanded of an employee', the burden of homework is bound to be heavy. The 'matric', which is still the archetype of all leaving examinations, may be the proper qualification for one entering 'the grave portals of London University', but why it should be exacted also from 'a youngster starting at a pound a week in an office', is less easy to see. Further to complicate the homework problem, there has been going on of recent years a considerable expansion of the curriculum. Time has now to be found for such subjects as civics, biology, hygiene, economics, dramatic work—and this mostly in addition to the already existing standard subjects. No wonder then that there is much burning of the midnight oil! No one, of course, desires the entire abolition of homework, for independent work is often the most valuable of all; and as for examinations, it is never wise to forget that a high form of civilisation was once founded upon them in China. But it is possible for excess of these things to become tyrannous and produce a strain, both mental and physical, which growing children find it hard to bear. Moreover, if there were less homework, there would be more time available for independent reading—an occupation which is in some danger of being crowded out of the modern child's life alto-

gether. The young, like their elders, need opportunities for mental and spiritual 'intake' and meditation.

* * *

'We must go to America', writes Mr. Adrian Bell, 'for a modern counterpart of the old idiomatic vigour of common speech'. But when, following his advice, we return with such a word as 'hiker', most of us—and especially those fond of the activity it characterises—are far from satisfied. Besides being cacophonous, the word has an undoubted burlesque flavour, endowing one of the oldest and gentlest of pleasures with a glaring notoriety which ill-accords with its true nature. So at least thinks the Youth Hostel Association of Northern Ireland, which has recently been searching for a substitute. In the competition, sponsored by the Association, 651 entrants provided 706 different possibilities, only to prove that it is far easier to criticise the current usage, than by taking thought to mint a new one. The most popular of the words suggested were 'rambler', 'roamer', 'rover' and 'ranger'. All of them sound well, but none of them defines with any exactness. Moreover, long association with sentimental songs and verses has exiled them from the modest man's vocabulary. 'Wender' and 'trender' are fresher words, but improperly suggest an aimless pursuit, while 'by-wayer' and 'high-wayer' are anachronistic, as any reader of C. E. M. Joad's *The Horrors of the Countryside* will know. Can literature assist? The *Canterbury Tales* suggest a few, but neither 'palmer', 'pilgrim' nor 'tabard' could properly be associated with a modern youth movement. Can etymology assist? There are 37 words deriving from the word 'ped'. 'Peddar' is a good word, but the verb 'to ped' or 'ped'l', not so good. Similar obvious objections exist to 702 of the suggestions made. Three of the remaining four received honourable mention, and of these 'wendler' and 'yonderer' were considered too vague and 'ruckster' too harsh. The choice of the Association therefore fell upon 'shuler'. This word derives from an old Irish word, *siubhal*, which means the act of walking, and in its anglicised form is in colloquial use in some parts of Ireland for 'a tramp'. 'Shuler' is a musical and pleasing enough word, but it remains to be seen whether the judgment of the Youth Hostel Association, in its favour, can bring it into common use. The minting of words is a mysterious process, and for many the lesson of the competition will no doubt be the excellence of the present usage.

* * *

Since we published five weeks ago photographs taken by Mr. J. Lewis, of Plymouth, of the alleged performance of the Indian Rope Trick at Devonport, a number of interesting explanations of the Trick have been put forward by our correspondents. It will be noted both from the photographs and from Mr. Reginald Lewis' account of the affair at Devonport, that the Trick as performed by 'Karachi' so far only comprises the first half of the traditional Rope Trick—that is, the casting of a rope into the air so that a boy can climb up it—though it is maintained that under 'favourable circumstances' the second half of the Trick—that is, the disappearance of the boy—could also be arranged. Last week Mr. Harry Price reminded us of a convincing explanation of the mechanics of the Trick put forward by the late Herr Hanussen. His explanation is rather similar to that of Colonel Elliot's; the rope was no true rope, but either a bamboo or an apparatus cleverly constructed of small joints which enabled the appearance of a stiffened rope to be given. Hanussen's explanation of the second half of the Trick, the disappearance of the boy, is based upon the use of an invisible smoke screen. Hanussen's account, like that of Mrs. Odhams, seems at any rate to prove that an Indian Rope Trick resembling the traditional form has been and can be performed. Mr. Harold Wilkins inclines to the notion that mass hypnotism must be allowed for; but the performance by 'Karachi' does not seem to come within this category—indeed, Colonel Elliot describes it as 'merely a showman's trick', a view which is confirmed by the testimony of Mr. Ingles Rogers and Mr. Henry Goad, whose account of what they saw 'Karachi' do recently at Devonport we publish in our correspondence columns this week. The question at issue, however, remains: can a trick be performed, whether by a showman or not, which can so resemble the first part of the traditional Indian Rope Trick as to deceive onlookers expert in conjuring matters? Secondly, if this is possible, how is the Trick done? We hope that within the next few weeks definite answers will be given to these questions.

Religion

Recovery of Soul

By His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Address by the Archbishop of Canterbury broadcast from Canterbury Cathedral, December 30, 1934

WITHIN twenty-eight hours this old year will be dead and a new year will be born. It is good to meet each year as it comes with hope. On Tuesday this perennial hope will not be wistful only, it will be expectant, even confident. There come days in the late winter when, though the trees are still bare, we feel a new breath in the air and we say 'the spring is coming'. So, when we now survey the world and our own land within it, we know indeed that the winter of our discontents and disappointments is not past, but we feel that recovery is coming. It is to be discerned not so much in statistics of trade or employment as in a tone of mind, an atmosphere of spirit. Yes, recovery is in the air, and for this we may well be thankful.

But as with you this evening I look backward on the old year and forward to the new, I see the need of another kind of recovery. Let me call it a recovery of soul. I have not time to analyse what we mean by the soul: indeed, we know well enough what we mean. Suffice it to describe the soul as that inner region of our life where dwell our deepest intuitions, desires, fears, hopes, beliefs and motives—so deep that often they are below the level of our active consciousness. Yet it is a region far more important than the outward regions of speech and action. For there our true selves are being formed. There conscience speaks. There we become aware of God.

Can we doubt that the worth of all human life is determined by the strength or weakness of the soul? A great poet has said that by the soul only is a nation great and free: and his words are as true of individual men and women as they are of nations. I am speaking in the great Cathedral of Canterbury. As I speak I feel the presence and power of a mighty Soul abiding through all the changes of the centuries, filling the great spaces, and speaking in silence of things unseen and eternal. I know that there is here a great Reality whose loss would make our common life poor and mean and trivial, whose possession can make it rich and noble and strong.

Yet are there not many facts and forces in our modern life which are imperilling the soul? The mere mention of some of them will show how real the peril is. There is first, and perhaps foremost, the ever-increasing speed of physical movement. 'Faster and faster' seems to be almost a motto of existence; and haste and hurry infect us with heedlessness of soul. There is the incessant pressure of distractions which hustle the mind from one sensation to another—the cinema pictures exciting and confusing the imagination, the popular Press with its arresting headlines, the endless floods of books. Even this marvel of science, which enables me now to speak to multitudes far away, with all its power for good brings its own danger—the distraction of the mind when impressions follow each other so swiftly that scarcely one of them can stay. Thus we are hurried along over the surface of life: and in the jostle of sensations we have no time to stop and think. The soul is unheeded and God is crowded out.

Do not let me be misunderstood. All, or almost all, the things of which I have been speaking are in themselves good or capable of good. They increase not only the pleasures but also the resources and opportunities of life. But they have outstripped the capacity of man's character to adjust itself to them and to control them. We must restore a right balance. The most urgent need of modern life is to make time to recover the soul, time to recollect and bring into action all the deeper emotions and convictions which are latent within the soul, time, in a word,

to be still and know God. We must call in the spiritual world to redress the balance of the material world. For never was the warning of certain old deep and searching words more needed—'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

Must we not go further and say that we cannot really gain the world, at least the better world of our desires, unless the soul is saved? Consider two of the pressing problems on whose solution the gaining of that better world largely depends. They are, let us say, the establishment of peace, and the juster and wider distribution of the things which men need and which exist in ever-increasing abundance. Everyone admits—indeed it is the merest commonplace—that the accomplishment of these ends depends upon the spirit which men bring to bear upon them—the spirit in the one case of goodwill among nations, and the spirit in the other which prompts men and nations to seek the good of their neighbour as well as their own. If the spirit is absent or weak, conferences fail and plans miscarry. But its strength or weakness must in the last resort depend upon what men really think about the world into which the soul leads them. Is it a world of mere hopes, aspirations, longings? Or is it a world where we are in touch with great realities and with the Supreme Reality—God? If *this* be true, then progress towards a better world will become more speedy and sure if men hold their ideals and pursue them with resolute loyalty in spite of obstacles and disappointments, because they are convinced that these ideals have behind them and within them the authority and strength of unchanging reality. Thus what the whole world needs is a recovery of soul.

Let me put this thought in a more directly Christian way. I hope that many of us have been finding delight and refreshment in the Christmas carols. Here are the words of one of them about the Christmas message of the Angels:

And man at war with man hears not
The love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

Do these Christmas voices tell only of a pathetic and wistful longing in the heart of humanity, of a world like the children's world of a happy make-believe? Or do they tell of a real incoming of God Himself into this actual world in the Person of His Christ, bringing into that world the saving and transforming realities of His eternal Kingdom? No man can doubt that if what we call the Christian spirit prevailed, the world would be changed. But its power to prevail would be immensely increased if we steadfastly believed that the Christian spirit is not a mere aspiration but the Spirit of a real living and reigning Christ. If Christendom really held and acted upon the conviction that in this Christ, in His Spirit, in His Rule, the Will of God the Supreme Reality is revealed, the world would be transformed. This is the truth of another old deep familiar word: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness and all these things'—the things men need—'will be added unto you'.

In view of these great issues on which the true welfare of our own lives, of our country, of the world depend, I plead that in the coming year and always we should set ourselves towards a recovery of soul.

I fear that many of you who have been listening to me may have felt that what I have been trying very imperfectly to say seems remote from your own daily lives. Let me therefore close with some simpler and more personal

words. As you think of the coming year the question you cannot help asking is 'How will it fare with me and those whom I love and for whom I care?' Will you forgive me if I suggest that you might ask another question—very old-fashioned no doubt but very searching—'How is it faring with my soul?' You are concerned about prospects of recovery—of health, it may be, or of business or of work. These are recoveries which are not wholly within your own control. But there is another recovery which is—a recovery of soul. Nothing moves me more than to note the way in which so many who are suffering from lack of work refuse to become embittered or depressed and keep their courage high. They are giving proof that the soul has resources which can overcome untoward circumstance.

These resources will gain their full strength and power if the soul finds its way to the true centre of its own world—God Himself dwelling among us and within us in Christ Jesus. You remember what He has said of everyone who gives to Him the lordship of his soul—'I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock'. Build the life of the soul on the rock of this unchanging Reality—God's presence, God's care, God's love. Then whatever changes and chances the new year may bring you will have strength to meet them.

May the Blessing of God be upon each of you, upon your home, your work, your soul.

Distinguishing Features of Methodism

By the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.

This talk was broadcast on December 31 to the U.S.A. by the Columbia Broadcasting System as well as in Great Britain by the B.B.C., in connection with the celebrations which are taking place of 150 years of organised Methodism in America

ON this last day of the year when the people called Methodists are united as a world-wide communion in commemorating the founding of our Church in the United States, I desire to refer very briefly to some of the distinguishing features of Methodism.

First then, the Methodist Church has—as its history shows—always been a distinctly missionary Church. Its growth from a tiny community in London to a world communion which numbers its adherents by the million has been in obedience to the same spiritual impulse which moved John Wesley to carry through his tireless missionary pilgrimage. The names of two valiant pioneers of evangelical Christianity in the western hemisphere deserve special mention in connection with this great anniversary. Francis Asbury and Thomas Coke are venerated by Methodists, in the old world and the new, in India, China, Japan, and the Islands of the Pacific, as great leaders of missionary enterprise. These two men were consecrated by John Wesley to the task of building up the Methodist community in America.

Francis Asbury landed on the American Continent in 1771 and found a very small communion. Thomas Coke paid his first visit to America in 1784. They both laboured with apostolic zeal and energy to win converts and to extend the influence of Methodism in continental America.

Under God, their missionary enterprise and wise administration greatly prospered the infant Church. When Thomas Coke, the first Bishop of the Methodist Church, left America—dying on his way to India in 1814—Methodism was firmly established, with over 300,000 persons and over 4,000 clergy ordained for pastoral charge and itinerant ministry in accordance with Methodist order and discipline. This is the great missionary achievement which we now commemorate as Methodists, an achievement comparable to the enduring work accomplished by John Wesley contemporaneously in the country from which I now speak.

It must be said that Methodism throughout its long but valuable history has fostered that missionary spirit which has carried the Gospel of Christ to all the dark places of the earth.

A second distinguishing mark of Methodism is its definite stand on the question of personal Conversion. Dr. Fairbairn says, 'If you asked me what was the great message of Wesley I would say it was Conversion. Ere his time, Conversion was an almost unknown word. He made it, he articulated it, he expressed the value of the soul before the ever-living God. If you take Wesley out of the eighteenth century you change all its poetry into pallid prose; you extinguish its great religious romance'. Methodism answers, therefore, to some of the deepest instincts of the human heart at all times and in all countries.

It is primarily as a communion of persons who have passed through the same experience of personal Conversion that the Methodist Church has maintained its moral discipline and its ordinances of prayer and fellowship and public worship.

Thus, the greatest contribution of Methodism to the life of the world has been in its cultivation of personal character, and in its steadfast loyalty to the principles of religion and

morality to which John Wesley appealed in the great days of Evangelical Revival in the eighteenth century.

But this has not been the only contribution of Methodism to the reformation of society. Methodism from Wesley's day has recognised, in view of the implications of the teaching of the Church's divine Master that she has a social as well as a spiritual responsibility. It has always realised that the followers of Him Whose aim was the reconstruction of human society on the basis of love and justice can never hold themselves aloof from the problems of social well-being. To respond to human pity, to heal all wounds, reform abuses and meet the legitimate aspirations of humanity are instinctive Christian duties, and must always be a characteristic function of Methodist organisation.

Methodism, therefore, has nurtured its young men and women not only for the Ministry of the Church but for active participation in public affairs; and it has borne witness throughout its history to the righteousness which exalteth a nation.

Nor is its witness less needed today than in earlier days. More than ever before, the message of the Methodist Church, and the moral discipline it has exercised, in the name of Christ, over the life and conduct of its members, require to be renewed and enforced in these perilous and changing times. Methodism has been a social dynamic in the past, but greater tasks and responsibilities lie upon the Church today in view of the scepticism and cynicism which seem to be taking possession of the rising generation. There never was a time when it was more necessary to preach and practise the religious and moral principles of the Methodist Church and to recover the spiritual vision cherished by its founders. Methodism has provided a social discipline as well as a personal standard of conduct and character, and there is no substitute in political regimentation for the sobriety, practical idealism, and conscientious citizenship which Methodism has produced.

Methodism has renewed and refreshed its moral authority in the recently accomplished Union of the separate churches, and it is a united Church which speaks through me to our brethren in the American communion on this day of commemoration. Larger opportunities of social service and religious witness are being opened, in consequence, to the Methodist people. Our Methodist history, the memory of the Methodist pioneers, the mighty achievements of our Church under God's guiding hand, the scriptural message which comes to us across nearly two centuries in the clear accents of John Wesley and which renewed the moral and spiritual life of a generation sunk in materialism, intemperance, and brutish ignorance, are our inspiration for the new tasks and duties which confront our Church. Methodists everywhere join with our brethren of the American communion in praise and thankfulness to God for the wonders He hath wrought and we rejoice with them that our faith and order as a Church have been established and confirmed through generations of intellectual, political and social change. As Methodists we renew our vows and consecrate ourselves afresh to the fulfilment of the historic mission of our Church.

A Continental Ministry of Propaganda

The first description to appear in this country of Italy's experiment with a new kind of government department

SOME weeks ago a new government department, of a type that is beginning to appear in several Continental countries, took up its quarters upon the slopes of the Pincio in Rome. This Department is the Italian Ministry of Press and Propaganda, formed out of an amalgamation between the former Press Section of the Italian Foreign Office and another Department concerned with the control of the Italian Press itself. Originating as a Ministry for influencing and directing newspaper publicity, it has already extended its scope so as to include the more modern agencies of publicity, the film and the radio. A Ministry of this scope, co-ordinating these powerful instruments of publicity, must become of increasing importance in moulding public opinion and strengthening national feeling. Naturally the new Italian Ministry of Press and Propaganda by its very name seems to invite comparison with the German Ministry of Propaganda and Enlightenment, of whose activities so much has been heard. The spirit and policy of the Italian Ministry is, however, decidedly different from those of its German counterpart. The word 'propaganda' has associations which render it unpleasant to Anglo-Saxon taste. It suggests organised effort to induce the public to accept ideas, facts and opinions which it would not accept if left to itself; but the Italian Ministry does not wish to be identified with any such crude interpretation of its title. Its position and function would be better defined to the English mind by the title 'Ministry of Information', which would imply something comparable with our own Ministry of Information during and immediately after the War. The Italian Ministry sets out to guide, advise and inform, rather than to direct, the Press, cinema and broadcasting.

How Far is the Press Controlled?

Each of these three is the concern of a distinct section of the new Ministry, the largest and most important being, as might be expected, that which deals with the Press. So far as the foreign Press is concerned, that section which was formerly the Press Section of the Foreign Office continues the function of supplying information about Italy to newspapers all over the world and watching and weighing up the references which are actually published. Since every country has some Government office dealing with matters of this sort, this side of the Italian Ministry's work is not an innovation. But more striking to English readers are the relations between the Ministry of Propaganda and the Italian home Press. To understand this it is necessary to grasp certain facts which entirely differentiate the position and influence of the Italian Press from that of our own. In Italy there is still an appreciable number of semi-illiterates among the peasants; and not more than say thirty-five per cent. of the adult population are actually newspaper readers (as compared with an estimated ninety-nine per cent. in our own country). The peasant is the backbone of Italian economy. He lives generally in remote hillside villages, where newspapers hardly circulate, cinemas are practically unheard of, and radio is still too expensive to install. Hence it follows that a large part of the Italian peasantry are not directly reached by film, radio or newspaper at all. The peasant is a more or less passive member of the community, so far as the expression of opinion and the moulding of policy go. Film, radio and newspaper in Italy are, therefore, agencies which mainly affect the literate and educated classes and the industrial population. In so far as they are controlled or guided through a government department, this represents an attempt to make the educated classes in Italy think responsibly on all matters affecting their country's welfare. That they have not always done so can be seen from the state of the Italian Press before the days of Mussolini's regime. Newspapers were then owned by private interests, both political and economic. Their policy was controlled by the interest which owned it, but the fact of this control was not always well known to the reader. Italian newspapers were factious and quarrelsome and often seemed to set sectional interests above the national welfare. But under the Fascist regime the influence of private and sectional interests upon the Press has been largely eliminated.

This does not mean, as some might suppose, that all Italian newspapers are censored by a government department.

Control is exercised by much more subtle methods. Italian newspapers fall into two classes: official or semi-official, and 'independent'. The official newspapers receive direct information from the Government, and act to a large extent as publicity organs on its behalf. The 'independents' do not receive this, and enjoy some measure of critical powers, so long as they do not infringe on the general lines of policy laid down in the national interest. A good deal of criticism actually appears in these papers, particularly concerning local affairs and administration, which have special importance in view of the strength of local sentiment in Italy. What really knits together the whole Press in support of the Government's policy is the fact that every editor is a member of the Fascist Party. It is in this capacity that he is liable to discipline if he should wilfully stray from the path of strict loyalty or discretion. And this control of editorial personnel makes it difficult or impossible for private interests that own newspapers to use those papers as a vehicle for the expression of selfish or anti-national views. Under such circumstances, with all editors being members of the Fascist Party, the position of the Ministry of Propaganda is not that of having to force cut-and-dried views on the newspapers. Its function is rather that of a 'court of appeal', or bureau of information, to which the editor who desires guidance can turn. At the same time, the Ministry keeps a close watch on the newspapers and quickly points out any offence or indiscretion which may occur.

Censorship of Films

Control over the film is in practice closer than control over the newspaper in Italy. Like most other European countries, Italy is largely dependent upon American sources for her supply of pictures. The problem is therefore a double one—to nourish and encourage native film production and at the same time prevent her picture houses being flooded with foreign films of an undesirable tendency. This problem is met by a combination of three methods, programme censorship, financial censorship, and quota. Censorship over the films themselves is exercised directly by the Ministry of Press and Propaganda, not, as in Britain, indirectly through a trade-controlled agency. The censorship operates both before the birth of a film and after its completion. Just as the British Board of Film Censors offers its services to give preliminary critical advice on scenarios in order to prevent waste of good money, so the Italian Ministry requires subjects and scenarios of new films to be submitted to it before production begins. Then, when production has been completed, the film goes a second time to the Ministry's office to be finally 'vetted' and passed for exhibition. But behind this first line of censorship stands a second line of even greater significance—a censorship of film finance. In Italy today it is not possible, as in *laissez-faire* capitalist countries, to start a new film company and embark on production at will, subject to the fulfilment of certain standard regulations. In Italy a new business cannot be started without specific approval of its purpose, social utility and financial soundness. Launching a new film company or opening a new picture theatre both require official sanction. Therefore, no such problem could arise in Italy as that of which British exhibitors complain today, that is, overbuilding of cinemas and excessive competition—a problem which, however, does not actually arise in Italy, where cinemas are comparatively few and far between, even in big towns. Italian cinema exhibitors, it may be added, belong to their appropriate syndicate in the corporative system, and come under national control through this channel.

Indirect Tax on Foreign Pictures

There remains the problem of the foreign film, which Italy must import to fill her picture theatre programmes. The quota system is enforced by law (on the same principle as the British quota, only stiffer), whereby three foreign films may be exhibited for every one home-made Italian film. This foreign import is controlled by a clever device whereby the renter of any Italian film is furnished with three certificates, each enabling him to rent one foreign film. But the law says that

Propagandist Posters of Many Countries

From the recent Exhibition at Dorland House organised by the Regent Advertising Club



Italy—The campaign against tuberculosis



Italy—The celebration of the 12th anniversary of the March on Rome



U.S.A.—Propaganda for the N.R.A.



Germany—Nazi poster of the rebuilding of Germany



Austria—The Heimwehr as seen by themselves—grappling with the Communist dragon



Austria—The Heimwehr as seen by the Vienna Socialists



Spain—Socialist poster denouncing clerical influence



Spain—Catholic Party poster against Socialism



Russia—Squeezing the Kulak



Russia—Denouncing the drunken workman



Poland—Propaganda for anti-gas-warfare training

every film shown in an Italian picture-house must be titled in Italian; hence every foreign film must be re-captioned and re-titled. For this a fixed price is charged of 25,000 lira, which really represents the price of a certificate. Thus, a kind of tax is imposed on every foreign film coming into Italy. Nor is it possible for American films to do as they have done in England, and establish branch companies which produce native films of cheap and poor quality to satisfy quota requirements. Such an evasion of the spirit of the quota is impossible in Italy because of the financial censorship referred to above.

Alongside of this elaborate censorship system is an institution which corresponds in the film world to the official Press in the newspaper world. This is the Government-subsidised film institute known as L.U.C.E. L.U.C.E. belongs to a type of organisation described in Italian as *'parastatale'*, that is, 'alongside the State'—something resembling our public utility organisations, which are not State departments but are controlled by the State. L.U.C.E. has its own directorate, appointed by the Government, and an annual budget voted by the State within which it can spend as it thinks fit. The purpose of L.U.C.E. is to supply news-reel films and short interest films. Thus, all current events reach the screen through a semi-official channel over which the Ministry of Press and Propaganda exercises supervision. In addition to this, Italian cinemas are compelled by law to show a certain proportion of educational films in their programmes—one at every performance. We may ask what is the general effect of these restrictions upon the Italian cinema? Since the film has not yet arrived in Italy at that degree of universal popularity which it has in England and America, the same standards of judgment cannot apply; but it does appear as though Italian film programmes lack some of the sparkle which may be called in one quarter 'sensationalism' and in another 'first-class entertainment value'. Incidentally, 'gangster' films are strongly discouraged in the Italian cinema.

Place of Broadcasting in the Fascist State

There remains broadcasting, which also comes, but more indirectly than Press or film, under the ægis of the Ministry. E.I.A.R., the Italian National Broadcasting Company, is a commercial concern with shareholders and directors in the ordinary way of things. It is therefore more independent of the State than, for example, L.U.C.E. It conducts its business

and provides broadcast programmes without requiring censorship or approval from the Ministry. At the same time, there exists a broadcasting section of the Ministry whose function it is to watch over this side of the national publicity. In part its duty is to keep account of what is said about Italy in foreign broadcast programmes, in part to take note of developments and improvements in technique. It thus serves the purpose of a research bureau able to pass on ideas and suggestions to E.I.A.R. On the other hand, those who manage E.I.A.R. are members of the Fascist Party, and as such frame their broadcasting policy and programmes in line with the national will. If any doubt arises concerning the kind of publicity which is required, the Ministry of Press and Propaganda is there to provide guidance, perhaps through a telephone call. Occasions may arise where international policy requires strict radio discretion, as for instance at the time of the recent Marseilles assassinations; then the Ministry's advice will be sought—there is no necessity for any imposition of censorship as such.

The whole of the system described above is a combination of three distinct elements: first, the personal voluntary allegiance of the executive through its membership of the Fascist Party; second, business and financial planning and control through the syndicates and corporations; and third, guidance and information (with censorship added where necessary) from the Ministry of Press and Propaganda.

In addition to the three major functions which have been described in this article, the new Ministry has also taken over the work of promoting tourist traffic in Italy—one of the most important elements in Italy's economy. Naturally Press, radio and cinema have their part to play in this form of national propaganda, which also affects the hotel industry, the railways, and the provision of amenities, including the management of antiquities. Italy, more than any other country in Europe, has taken drastic steps to attract back the foreign visitor, so long discouraged by high cost of travel and living, and by currency and other restrictions. Huge discounts on railway travel, and lowered hotel tariffs are among the reforms which have been introduced by decree—and it is for the Ministry of Propaganda to take advantage of them and give adequate publicity to the efforts Italy has made to adjust her wares to the purse of the tourist. All friends of Italy will wish well to these efforts.

R. S. L.

Bowmen of Today

By Captain M. J. HOGG

I SUPPOSE most people think the bow is a toy because it is such a simple sort of thing. But, though it is certainly simple, it is none the less a most effective weapon. Last summer I proved this to my own satisfaction. I run a preparatory school and teach many of the boys to shoot at targets, so it was comparatively easy to turn out a company of archers. We did our best to reproduce the kit of bowmen of the Hundred Years War period. Each boy had a steel cap—that was an aluminium pudding basin, by the way—and a mail coat and hose. The company was drawn up in 'archers' formation, and the twenty-five of them covered about, say, 50 feet in frontage and 30 feet or so in depth.

An enemy company of the same size, made of ropes and sacking, was put about 65 yards away. This may seem a bit close, so I had better point out that my veterans were only 13 years old, and my rawest recruit was 8. The result was devastating. They shot five arrows each and fully 85 per cent. fell within the enemy's ranks. The effect really was equal to well-directed shrapnel. There were no holes in the barrage—and the enemy were well and truly laid out. And, what is more, none of my rear rank men had done any damage to the rest of the company.

So much for effect: what about penetration? Two Americans, Saxton Pope and Arthur Young, discovered that their broad-head arrows could be driven clean through a deer and also that any hit in the body was almost immediately fatal. Then they tackled grizzly bear. The grizzly is quite the biggest hunting proposition in North America. That is why they chose him. He is very big and strong and dangerous as well. In their first hunt they had a rifle in support, but after that they had such confidence in their bows that they left it behind in camp. They were

completely successful and on one occasion a single arrow accounted for a monster weighing well over 1,000 pounds—and that at the lean season of the year. Not content with this even, these two bowmen next turned their attention to lions. They went off to Africa and killed ten of them. In some cases they had a rifle with them—in others they hadn't—but no lion included in their bag had a firearm used against it at all. Dr. Pope is now dead, but he has started a great many people hunting with the bow. In America they have actually got special game preserves for it.

Two years ago, I met another hunter—Sacha Siemel. He hails from South America. They call him 'Tiger Man' out there. He began hunting jaguar with dogs and a rifle in the dense forests of Brazil. After a while he heard of a native who hunted them with a spear and he felt that a white man ought to be able to do it too. He knew something about the difficulties of it from his own experience. A jaguar may do anything. He may leap at you, he may run in, or he may crouch at bay and wait for you. Imagine yourself 4 or 5 yards from a vicious, 300-lb. cat—5 yards, by the way, is about as far as you can see in those dense forests. You have a pretty hefty spear in your hands, and your job is simply to go in and pin your jaguar down with it. It may sound a simple job, but the trouble is you can't do it if he is watching you. His paw comes round like lightning and pushes your spear aside. Sacha told me that the native's way of dealing with the problem was to kick dust in the beast's eyes and then strike.

Anyhow, Sacha learnt the trade, and practised it, too. The fact that he is alive now shows how good a pupil he was. Then, somehow or other, he heard of Pope's and Young's doings. So off he went to the United States and learnt how to use the



Stour Vale archers, 1850

By courtesy of Walter T. Spencer

bow. Now he is happy: he uses bow and spear entirely and he feels that the odds are about equal.

A great point about hunting with the bow is that if you make a bad shot your arrow merely makes a graze and does no harm. On the other hand, if you get a body-hit your game is as good as dead, for a broadhead cuts clean through ribs as well as flesh. An arrow, in fact, is more deadly than any bullet, but of course it has no stopping power. It may give a mortal wound, but it won't stop a charge. That's where Sacha's spear comes in. Moreover, since one cannot shoot effectively at more than about 80 yards in hunting, clever and patient stalking becomes absolutely necessary.

In this country there are few opportunities for hunting, but, none the less, some people try it. I know of several archers who shoot rabbits. True, the bag is small, but that somehow never seems to matter with the bow. Perhaps one reason is that you can see the flight of your arrow and judge why you missed. You can often get a second shot, too, if the arrow doesn't pitch too close. After all, an arrow in flight is no more noisy or disturbing than a passing dragonfly. These are two big advantages over the rifle. But you must not expect to be anywhere near as accurate. It isn't that the bow is inaccurate so much as the archer. It is amazingly difficult to draw exactly the same length, and shoot with the same sharpness, every time.

My own experience has been mostly in shooting at targets, and I have studied that side pretty carefully. My conclusion is that the bow is accurate enough to hit a saucer every time at 100 yards, if it were shot perfectly. Actually, the archer's limitations make it none too easy to hit a 4-ft. target at that distance. If there is wind—and particularly if it is a bit variable—it becomes really difficult to hit it regularly. If you ask me whether Robin Hood could ever have split a willow wand at 5 score yards, I am bound to say it's possible—but I would be prepared to lay 10 to 1 against his doing it with his first arrow, and I'd make it 100 to 1 against any ordinary archer. The range of the bow is less easy to decide. With ordinary target type bows, the limit is somewhere about 300

yards. In America, where they include shooting for distance in their championships, they have evolved a special type of bow for it. With this, and a specialised technique, they have got very near 500 yards.

The Turks claim to have shot phenomenal distances with their bow. It is a very short affair made of horn, sinew and wood—the cupid bow in fact—and it certainly has a remarkable 'cast', as we call it. A friend of mine, Mr. Ingo Simon, shot 459 yards 8 inches with one—well over a quarter of a mile. That was at Le Touquet, about 1910, and it remained the record for over 20 years.

We have no very trustworthy records of the distance which the old archers could shoot, but probably the extreme range of their ten-shilling war shafts was little more than 200-250 yards. Ten shillings, by the way, has no reference to the cost of their arrows. From time immemorial, arrows have been weighed against silver coins, presumably, because they were the most reliable weights the old arrowmakers could get. So, if you hear an archer asserting that his arrows are four-and-sixpenny ones, don't think he's poorer than his comrade who owns five-shilling arrows. The truth is that the former weigh $\frac{1}{16}$ oz. and the latter 1 oz.

I suppose everyone knows that the best bows are made of yew. What people often don't know is that *good* bows are not made of English yew: they never have been. Our own timber is full of knots and sluggish in cast. The best wood is imported chiefly from Spain and Italy. In the old days merchants were compelled by statute to bring some of it in with each barrel of wine to keep up the supply of wood. Target arrows are made of red deal, with a short bit of hardwood spliced in at the front end, in the same way as in a billiard cue. They are beautifully finished, and painted with the owner's colours. They must, of course, be perfectly straight, and, to make good scores, one must know each arrow's individual error. Hunting arrows are much more primitive affairs, because they are so likely to get lost. They are usually made of birch.

You might not think it, but the string is almost as important as bow or arrows. It is made of flax fibre, laid in glue. But the

best are not easy to get nowadays, and I always make my own, from a loose spun linen thread—the kind saddlers use—and lay it in beeswax.

Most of our public meetings in this country are comparatively modern. But there is a shoot held annually in the North

of England that has been going on for nearly 300 years. The chief trophy is the Scorton Arrow—a silver arrow about 27 inches long. From its shaft hang scores of silver medallions with the names and crests of past winners. The competitor who first lands an arrow in the gold (that is, the bull's-eye) becomes Captain for the year and wins the arrow. He also has the privileges of doing all the arranging of the next year's meeting, and paying for the wine at lunch! The archer who first hits the red (the inner, that is) becomes

Lieutenant, and wins the silver bugle. It sometimes happens that someone who has already become Lieutenant hits the gold also, before anyone else. In that case, he must solemnly stand up and resign the lieutenancy in order to accept the captaincy! The ancient regulations provide for this, and many other things. For instance, they arrange for the fining of any archer who swears during the shooting. Needless to say this causes a great deal of amusement, and you do your best to catch people out. Even the faintest 'damn' counts! I should like to point out that when I shot at this meeting, two years ago, no one was fined. I don't mind admitting that a friend of mine whispered to me that if he *did* break down he was going to have his money's worth!

There is no entrance fee, nor is any notice, strictly speaking, necessary. If you want to shoot, you just turn up at the ground. You find the brightly-coloured targets set up in pairs, facing each other, 100 yards apart. When shooting starts, everyone shoots two arrows at the far target. When you have all shot you cross the ground and shoot them back at the target you have just left. As soon as you've done this, you stroll round the side of the ground and give your score to an official. He presides over a pool into which you have all put 10s. He puts the score down, while you draw 6d. out of the pool for each hit, except—and here's the snag—the outside circle, the white, costs *you* 6d. Misses are cheap—they cost nothing. Nobody watches you, to see how much you take out or put in, and considering that this sort of thing has

'been going on for centuries, I think it speaks well for the honesty of archers.

Shooting is not by number of arrows as in other meetings, it is by time. Two hours' shooting before lunch and two hours after. The last end (that is, the last two arrows) has an interest of its own. A lovely old horn spoon—as old as the arrow—is won by the worst hit in the white. Everybody aims a bit low or something in the hope of getting an 'edger' and winning it.

Don't think the Scorton arrow a typical meeting: its methods, and rules, are those of 300 years ago. Ordinary meetings are quite different. In them it is score that counts, not the somewhat haphazard way of giving the prize for what is, quite possibly, one lucky hit.

In all the other public meetings ladies are in the majority, and I must admit their shooting is in many cases better in style than that of the men. I know one charming lady, Mrs. Rushton, who is still winning archery prizes at the age of eighty. Archery is no new thing for them, of course. Ann Boleyn shot.

So much for a very ancient North Country shoot. I have just had details sent me of a brand new one in the same part of the country. In Blackburn, as in the rest of Lancashire, unemployment is a sickening problem—perhaps worse than most places because the men can *never* return to their old jobs. Mr. S. P. B. Mais has told us of the difficulty of keeping the men's minds employed. My friend, Mr. John Yates, has let me have most interesting details of his success in introducing archery to them. They are as keen as mustard, their styles are excellent, judging from photographs, and their scores are very good indeed. Their shoots are also 'arrow' shoots—for

the Captain each week wins four arrows and the Lieutenant 1 lb. of sausages. And they shoot in clogs, too, some of them. In archery circles Mr. Yates has a great reputation for new ideas—but this is one of his very best.



Queen Victoria as an archer, 1839. Engraved by Sticks from Stephanoff's drawing
British Museum



The modern archer

The Belgian team practising for the International Archery Meeting at Ranelagh Club, 1933

Sport and General

Africa and lions—South America and jaguar—Lancashire and sausages—it is all archery, and I have only just touched the fringe of my subject.

RADIO NEWS-REEL DEC. 17-30

A pictorial summary of the last two weeks' news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



H.M. THE KING BROADCAST A MESSAGE TO THE EMPIRE ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Photograph by 'The Times'

THE ROCKET POST

Herr Gerhard Zucker, the inventor, tried to fire a rocket carrying 600 letters from Hampshire to the Isle of Wight on December 19. The rocket went the wrong way and landed a mile and a half away on the mainland.



THAMES PASSENGER TRAFFIC

The London Traffic Advisory Committee, in their report, state that a regular passenger service on the Thames is desirable but not essential. The illustrations show the old City Steam-boats in review order off Chelsea from a print (c. 1854) in Mr. Reginald Blunt's collection and (below) a design for a new 'Waterbus' by Mr. J. H. O. Bunge.



INAUGURATION OF AUSTRALIAN AIRMAIL

The first regular air mail from Australia, bearing letters from the Duke of Gloucester to members of the Royal Family, arrived at Croydon on December 24, three minutes ahead of schedule.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA



Western Australia's petition to be allowed to secede from the Australian Commonwealth was presented to both Houses of Parliament on December 17. It will be examined in due course by the Public Petitions Committee. The shaded portion of the map shows the extent of the province

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By courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby & Co.

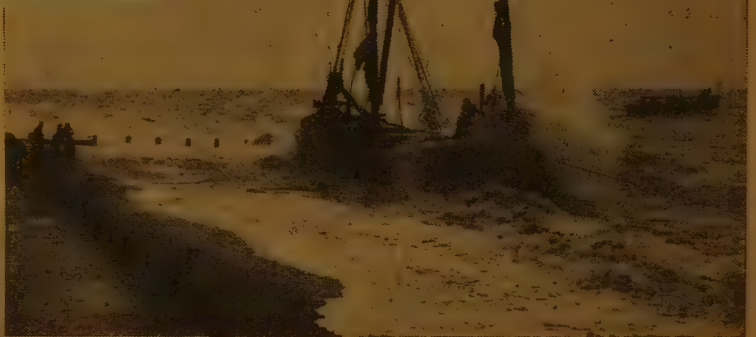
NAPOLEON'S LETTERS TO MARIE LOUISE (1810)

Three hundred letters written by Napoleon to the Empress Marie Louise have been bought in a London sale-room by the French Government for £15,000. This photograph shows two specimens from the collection: on the left a letter that fell into Blücher's hands in March, 1814; and on the right, a letter written during Napoleon's exile in Elba during August, 1814



NAVAL TALKS AND GOLF

Delegates to the London Naval Talks before Christmas enjoying a game of golf at the close of their discussions. These discussions led to no agreement and on December 29 Japan denounced the Washington Treaty. The photograph shows (left to right): Sir John Simon; Mr. Norman Davis and Admiral Stanley and Baron Matsudaira, the Japanese Ambassador



MORE EFFECTS OF THE STORMY WEATHER

The sailing barge *William Cleverley*, of Rochester, went aground near Clacton on December 18. The Clacton lifeboat got a line across the barge and attempted to draw her off, but the heavy seas swept her broadside on to the beach. The lifeboat cruised off shore all night playing its searchlight on the stranded boat



DUNSTABLE DOWNS

Through the generosity of two benefactors the National Trust has acquired about 90 acres of Dunstable Downs. The illustration shows the view toward Ivinghoe Beacon

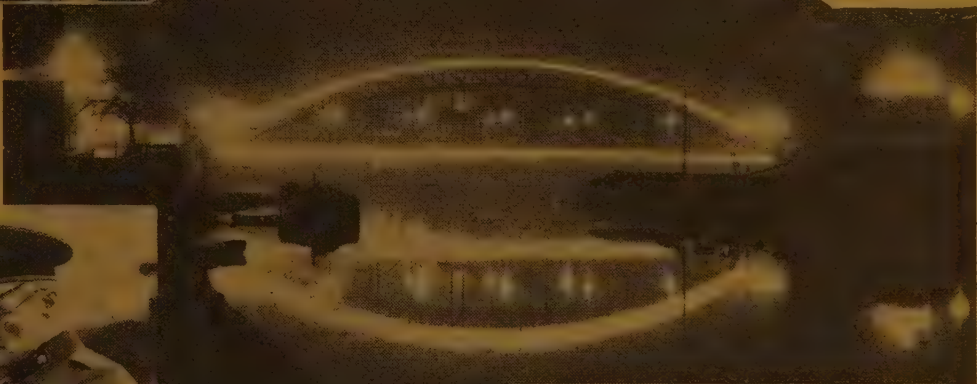
Photograph: Will F. Taylor



'The Times'
In the House of Commons, the Foreign Secretary dealt with references to the presence of British officers in the Italian-Abyssinian dispute. He explained that they were part of the Anglo-Ethiopian Commission who were there to fix the boundary between Abyssinia and British Somaliland. The map shows the scene of the dispute

GRAN CHACO WAR

Paraguay, victorious so far in the Gran Chaco War, rejected the League of Nations proposals for settling the dispute and described them as unworkable. The photograph shows the conditions under which fighting is taking place



SCENES IN THE SAAR

As a result of a recent incident, Mr. Hemsley, the British chief of the International Police Force in the Saar, has resigned and (inset) Mr. Hennessey, who is seen here (on left) chatting with the Commissar for Saarbrücken, has taken his place. The illustrations show the famous Zinc Bridge at Saarbrücken illuminated in anticipation of the approaching plebiscite; and part of the British contingent in the International Force for maintaining order during the plebiscite arriving (below) and (on right) enjoying their Christmas dinner



The new Italian province of Littorio, consisting mostly of land reclaimed from the Pontine Marshes, was formally established on December 18 by Signor Mussolini. The illustration shows the new municipal buildings at Littorio, the capital city



BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

When a keeper visited the Camel House in the London Zoo early on Christmas morning he found that a baby camel had been born



PENNY FARE DECISION

The Chief Magistrate dismissed a summons brought against a London Tramcar passenger who had left a tram before paying her fare. He stated that the bye-law concerned was repugnant to the law and unreasonable.



PRISON DISORDER

During the week-end preceding Christmas a number of prisoners serving long term sentences at Barlinnie Prison, Glasgow, mutinied and attempted to raid the quarters where food and cigarettes were kept. In the disorders, which were eventually quelled, about half-a-dozen prisoners and two warders were injured



THE 'FLYING HOTEL' DISASTER

The Dutch air-liner *Uiver* which won second place in the Melbourne air race has crashed in the Syrian desert, all seven men on board being killed. The air-liner is believed to have been struck by lightning



Sir Oswald Mosley, charged at Lewes Assizes with riotous assembly, was found not guilty on December 18 and was discharged



INTER-VARSITY SKI-RACING

Cambridge won the downhill race against Oxford at St. Moritz on Christmas day. The illustration shows the competitors climbing the slopes to the hut at Corviglia

Education

Leaving School

By A. C. CAMERON

This concluding talk in the series on 'The Child, the Parent, and the Teacher' is given by the Secretary to the City of Oxford Education Committee

IF I may adapt Mae West, it is not the school in your life that matters, but the life in your school. All over the country that life is getting richer: the idea of what school life means is developing. If you look back over these talks you will find speaker after speaker saying: health, games, training for life, use of leisure, again health—how to be a useful citizen. And in your discussions I imagine that comparatively little time has been given to talking about the actual necessary framework of teaching, though that has changed not least of all. In fact speakers and listeners alike have been concerned with a process which seeks to send a child out into the world, having learnt to work and learnt to play, and ready later on to take his or her place in life as an adult citizen: that is our educational system today. Such a vigorous and lively education was looked on, yesterday almost, as the privilege of a few. Even now some barriers remain—isolation in the country, overcrowding in the towns, and legacies of past social inertness. But these barriers stand out the clearer because they are being attacked on all sides. And the new idea of education is like a blow-lamp in the hands of the craftsman of social progress. Any boy or girl with the wits to profit by it, may move in the process of education from the infant school to the university. Or by necessity, if not of choice, he may leave school earlier. But remember that; even so, the process of education is not at an end. It began with the hygiene of the expectant mother and of the infant: it continues throughout the life of a vigorous person. For a child, leaving school is the end of a chapter, not the closing of a book.

In the new chapter as in the old, the characters of parent and teacher still appear, though the child becomes more and more important. (The Acts of Parliament now call him a young person). If that young person stays at school to eighteen or even to sixteen, the two most vital years of adolescence are passed before the chapter of full-time schooling closes. If he leaves at fourteen those two years are passed in work, or sometimes—all too often now, alas!—in unemployment. In fact the link between the two chapters 'School Life' and 'Adolescence' is the preparation in the school for life, work and leisure equally, and the life of a young worker outside school which follows. All sorts of influences are continuing the education that the school began: some are good, some bad. Can the teacher still exert any guidance? Or must he perforce stand by and watch (if he is even in a position to watch) whether the foundation he has laid is strong enough to stand the stress of adolescent life? The Day Continuation School provides the best way of keeping the boy or girl in touch with the influence of school. Every year shows more clearly that those who framed the Education Act of 1918 planned wisely. Their plan was conceived in high hope and overwhelmed by the first of the post-War waves of rather ugly economy. But the germ remains, and the buried seed may sprout again. It isn't so much what the boy or girl will learn, as the guiding hand of the wise teacher during those crucial two years of rapid physical and spiritual growth. A bridge across the gap between school and work.

Evening Education

But that is in the future. What of the present? There is the national system of part-time evening education. The old night-school has turned into an elaborate system: technical college, art school, junior evening institute. No longer is it just a question of the bread-and-butter classes, great service though these have given and are giving. The boy or girl who lives within reach of a sufficiently large centre, can go on developing leisure occupations—his handicraft, her folk-dancing. The great London polytechnics, with their playing fields and students' societies, set an example of the way in which education in the wider sense, comradeship and the enjoyment of leisure, can be linked up with the sterner task of learning how to do one's job better or to qualify for a better job.

I spoke of playing fields. I don't know if you agree with me,

but I believe that one of the worst gaps in our process of education is only now beginning to be filled. A child learns in the elementary school to swim, to play games, something of music and dancing. He (or, of course, she) goes out to work at an age when he is just fit to get real enjoyment out of the skill in trained movement he has acquired. What all too often happens? He finds there is nowhere to play, no club he can afford to join. It is taken for granted, thank God! that any new secondary school should be equipped with gymnasium, playing fields, and either a swimming bath of its own, or access to a bath. It is even more important that every technical college should be just as well provided. And every urban area should have the same provision for clubs of adolescents, at a charge within reach of their very slender purses. The National Playing Fields Association has recently made an appeal to public interest. There are signs that it is being listened to: but not before other European countries have set a lead which ought to have been ours. One sometimes gets tired of looking forward. Look back for a moment something over two thousand years, and you will find the Greek educators putting the culture of the body and the culture of the mind side by side. I am profoundly convinced that this is right, and that we are coming to it in Great Britain tomorrow. The Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education extols the value of dancing, and the public press stars it and gives it its blessing. Would that have happened twenty years ago?

My own work (if I may talk about myself for a moment) lies in a growing industrial area—the City of Oxford. The problems that every administrator of public education has to deal with today are, of course, there as elsewhere; the change-over from a system in which 'subjects of the curriculum' were taught in schools of various types, which had little dealing one with the other, into a continuous process of education. But the problems are set against what is perhaps a unique social background. A University and Cathedral City, with very special traditions of its own, is developing into an urban centre where, still against that background, two things are happening. It has become the mecca of country shoppers from three counties, brought in by car and motor-bus, and it houses the workers of perhaps the most prosperous industrial concern in Great Britain.

Work of Voluntary Organisations

I mention this to speak of the old, not of the new. Amid old traditions and a new growth, one is better able to appreciate what the voluntary organisations have done for the soul of the adolescent. Church and chapel, scout and guide movements, college boys' clubs, have filled, and will fill a great place in the education of the adolescent who has left school for work. The task of an Education Committee is not to supplement the work of these voluntary bodies, but to help them to do more fully what they have set themselves to do. I have come to think of it as 'Clubs and Classes'. The clubs (all that come into the ken of a Juvenile Organisations Committee) can remind official educators that life is not all work. And the 'classes', the College of Further Education (as I hope it may soon be called) and its dependent institutes, can provide teachers in club rooms, and fields on which club teams can play.

In all this further education, official and unofficial, I want to get back to the people who have the future in their hands: the parents and the Head and staff of the senior elementary school. The two are coming closer together. The child goes out to work, but still looks, and I hope more and more will look, to the school as a place to which he (and, of course, she) can go back for comfort, advice and encouragement. No headmaster or headmistress has any greater reward than the return for a talk by an old pupil—even if that talk becomes a lecture on life by the young man or woman: this means that good seed has borne good fruit in adult or even adolescent self-confidence. The right kind of confidence in facing the problems of life is what education ought to give.

This individual relation between the old pupil and his or her teacher becomes collective in the Old Scholars' Association. The 'old school tie' has turned into rather an uncomfortable class joke. But many schools would not be taking on the custom of a few if corporate Old Scholars' activities did not stand for something real in the process of education. The girls or boys who go out into life want something to hold on to. They have their home. They are beginning to have their school. It is not so much that they want to be proud of something that is past—that is bad: it is looking the wrong way; rather that they are members of a society of which some are present, some are past members. In so far as the junior evening institute is run by the school they have left, they are past and present members, with something stable to hold on to in a widening vista of experience.

Co-operation of Parent and Teacher

One often hears the criticism that our modern process of education leaves the parents out: that everything is done for the child, ignoring them. I don't believe it. The more that is done for the child, the more it is an invitation to the parents to take their part in a co-operative enterprise; and they are responding. One of the speakers in these talks said that the critical parent is very often one who has not been inside the school since he left it himself, and his criticism is of his own education rather than that of his child. I have found that to be true again and again. Get that parent into the school and he is changed from a critic into a co-operator. We owe a great debt to parents who see that their children are getting what they did not have themselves and help them to get it. I hope it will be easier for a new generation of parents to help their children to enjoy to the full what they have had themselves. No school, no arrangement of clubs and classes, however perfect in the eyes of the administrator, can do their part other than imperfectly unless the home influence is helping them. It is not only a room in which home-work can be done, but sympathy and interest in the young worker's leisure occupations.

Much depends on getting the right job. In fortunate areas there is a choice, and the partnership of parent and school, with the advice in the choice of Employment Officer, can do something to put the boy or girl into the right billet, to watch over him and to see that it is working out right, and to change the job if it is not. Too often young workers will go into an occupation which, if they are fortunate, provides them with a steady livelihood, but means repetition, endlessly, of a routine task: a system where only one here and there can hope to rise to a position of responsibility, planning the work of others. By the lives of these young people the value of our training in the use of leisure will be judged. If they take an interest in physical exercise, and have the means ready to enjoy it; if they join clubs and discuss the problems of the day; if they give their time and money to help their juniors to share what they are getting themselves; if they use the local library and read detective stories or economics; then our process of education will be justified. But it will be judged, and rightly so, by what the average young worker thinks of it ten years hence, and not by the success of the few who go on with scholarships to the university.

The Juvenile Unemployed

And there will be some, not socially incompetent, who cannot get work. I am not concerned with the economics of unemployment. The job of the teacher is to make it easier for those he educates to bear, if they must, the hardest lot of all—idleness. Parent and teacher together can keep the child at school after the leaving age until there is a chance of a job. As a matter of fact, the best basis on which to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen is a series of well-equipped senior schools in which children want to stay on, if they can, for what they will get, and parents think it is worth while. The State can provide Junior Instruction Centres at which young people out of work can keep that contact with progress, with vitality, that the Day Continuation School would offer to the more fortunate young worker. But parent and teacher may both watch hope turn to disappointment and disappointment perhaps turn into a lack of capacity for either hope or disappointment. Under the greatest handicap, blocked from its normal outlet into work, the process of education today will be tested in areas of chronic juvenile unemployment. Can a training of interest in leisure occupations stand up against an enforced leisure that tries

character as surely as the conditions of labour before the Factory Acts?

I want to say a word or two about these Junior Instruction Centres. I have not yet seen them at work and so can speak only of their intention. That is declared to be 'to give boys and girls a real interest in life, to keep their minds and fingers active and alert and their bodies fit'. In fact, they are trying to do intensively for one class of young people what the Day Continuation School would do for all. The State now recognises a duty to help bridge the gap from school to work for a group of young people who find that gap beset with special difficulty. If the Junior Instruction Centre prove a success, as I hope it will, it will bring the Day Continuation School very much nearer—a bridge for any young worker.

There are young people fit to take their place in life if they can find it. In contrast, there are others who depart in some way from the normal. They range from the highly sensitive, perhaps brilliant, child, who shrinks from life's contacts, who needs most careful handling and will repay it, to the ineducable mental defective who is handed over to the care of the statutory authority. In between these extremes there are many dull scholars who will turn out to be good workaday citizens able to support themselves and their families. A few areas are now beginning to have some kind of Child Guidance Clinic at which any child who is a problem (the over-normal in intelligence as well as the under-normal) may be seen by experts, advised and treated. The main concern of such a clinic is to group children into those who will be able to face the stream of life under their own steam, so to speak, and those who will not. That is what really matters much more than the number of years a child may be behind the standard of his age in arithmetic. On the parents of any problem child rests a particular responsibility to draw as fully as possible on the resources of school and club when that child goes straight out into the world. If he suffer from a mental or a physical defect—tendency to tuberculosis, faults of hearing, sight, speech—he passes through special training and is sent out into adolescent life with special support to help him towards social efficiency.

Social Misfits

Then again there are social misfits—children who are unwanted or ill-treated, neglected by their parents, and in need of care and protection by the State; children, again, who do something which brings them into the police court. The cause in both cases, the neglected and the delinquent, is often the same—a social environment which gives parent and child alike little chance. The child needs a new start under fresh conditions. A new Act, the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, has just been passed. It makes special provision for the hearing in private in the Juvenile Court by panels of magistrates specially chosen of cases concerning the care of, or offences by, young people up to 17. It isn't necessary to decide whether a child is sinned against or sinning. If it needs to be protected either from itself or from others, it can get a fresh start in a home provided by the Education Committee, or in an 'Approved School'. In fact, we find another class of children and young persons who want special guidance which they can only get outside the normal process of education. The Act has helped to give new focus to thought about the adolescent, and may be an important landmark in social progress. It has been all too little talked about.

I wonder if in this talk I have put into the mind of anyone that I do not think school work of much importance. If I have, let me correct it. The foundation on which the life of a school is built is hard work well done: work that may lead one boy to a scholarship, another to the right job at 14. But school work is not an end in itself: it is one part of the process of education that in the past we have been apt to think of as the whole. The schoolmaster in the classroom, the schoolmaster in the playing field, the medical officer in the clinic, the choice of Employment Officer are with the parents a partnership preparing the boy and girl for the end of school life, work and leisure.

So I am back where I began. As the school prepares for life, so the school itself must be a living force. And this you will find is one thing that every good school has in common, whether it is a village junior school or a University School of Medicine. It is not the school in your life that matters, but the life in your school.



The Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich, as it is now

Photograph: Swains, Norwich

*The Theatre**The Norwich Players*

By NUGENT MONCK

A GROUP of unexceptional young men sitting round a fire in an old house in Norwich, were deploring the fact that the plays they read and liked, they would never have a chance of seeing performed, certainly not in 1911 in an out-of-the-way city. They had no means, and not much leisure, being clerks, or having some such occupation during the daytime. I was a touring actor—that is, I called myself a professional, but my acting ability was small and I seldom had any work to do. I agreed with them that the type of plays we should like to watch (Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans, Restoration dramatists and the Greeks) were seldom read and never performed. I added, 'The only way to see these plays is to perform them ourselves'. 'That is impossible', they said.

Discontent with the ordinary dramatic entertainment was growing, not only in the provincial towns, but in London, which had had, through the Stage Society and the Elizabethan Stage Society, some experimental work. Most of these were financial failures, for the audience of those days, though interested in each other and in the theatre as a social event, did not care to see anything new or startling, and positively resented the 'Theatre of Ideas' which usually meant an exceedingly dreary performance of Ibsen. You were not intended to enjoy yourself at the 'Theatre of Ideas'; many wished for something different, especially in the country, but saw no way of altering the existing fashion.

The difficulty of getting out of this groove was economic, and when our Norwich group returned to the discussion again, it was with a hope of finding some means of reducing the expenses of production. A patron with money was out of the question; he simply did not exist.

The amateur of those days would not be a help in the

advancement of the drama; rather a hindrance, for he saw himself as the local Tree, Hawtrey, or Alexander, playing a mild copy of their successes, and attracting the audience not by the play (which had already been seen better done professionally), but by a vague charitable duty to a hospital or a church which might benefit from their patronage. We should get no help from the average amateur. Professionals were out of the question: they would need salaries, and money was one of the things we had not got. We had little in fact but an enthusiasm for good literature, and my stage experience of how things can be done; learnt from being stage-manager to some of Mr. William Peel's Elizabethan revivals, and other still less successful adventures.

Still, if we wanted strange plays performed, we must do them ourselves, no one else was going to help us. We considered our resources; between us we could muster twelve pounds. Good! We would spend three guineas on the hire of a hall; some two pounds on a curtain background; six characters could be dressed for ten shillings each; and we might borrow some other clothes; thirty shillings for printing tickets and postcards with which to circularise our friends; and ten shillings in hand towards sundry expenses. It looked fairly impossible, and I decided that I must ask a friend or two to guarantee something in case of accidents.

The only kind of plays that could be produced in those circumstances would be early Religious Drama. They at least would not require a drop curtain which we could not afford. There was much to be said for the choice of a Morality. It would require little setting; the characters would be easy to act; there would be no standard of comparison with other performances. The religious atmosphere would appeal to the inhabitants of an ancient city, which has forty pre-Reformation

Churches within its wall. We all knew vicars and curates and had a nodding acquaintance with ministers of other denominations. They would perhaps announce the performance on Sunday to their various parishioners. What better publicity could we have?

So modest were we, so willing to hide, that we decided no names should appear on the programme; and this would also suit the religious atmosphere: some of us were really spiritually minded. We started our first performance with 'World and the Child' (an old Morality), 'The Second Shepherd's Play' (from the Wakefield Cycle), and 'The Norwich Grocer's Play of Paradise'. This latter was given a great deal of publicity in the local press. The performance succeeded. We took some twenty-odd pounds; it had cost fifteen, and our finances were still sound. We had six pounds in hand; we had not called upon our guarantors, and we had requests for further performances.

So the Norwich Players were launched, and certain definite principles laid down for this first performance have been adhered to ever since: the anonymous programme, and a strict care of all moneys; a production being carefully estimated before being risked in public. There were novelties in this first production which appealed to the audience—the sacking painted with aniline dyes which formed our background; the absence of footlights (the light coming from two arcs at the back of the hall), the stylisation of all movement; the careful copying of our home-made costumes from mediæval sources; the use of good music sung by an unseen quartet; and great care that our printing, slight as it was, should be good and well balanced. These perhaps are commonplaces in 1934, but in 1911 they were novelties indeed.

We now realised that with the expense of hiring halls for our performances, we should never be a successful unit until we had a place of our own, where we could rehearse; make our own properties and dresses, and give our performances; for all our profits were being absorbed. In looking over the pages of an old antiquarian survey of the city, I came across an engraving of a mediæval banqueting hall in King Street, which in the thirteenth century had been the home of 'Isaac the Jew'. I found my forgotten banqueting hall attached to an inn called 'The Old Music House'. It was a carpenter's shop and builder's store. Two centuries ago a floor had been put in dividing the room into an upper and lower part, but the upper still had the wonderful chestnut roof. Under the cobwebs and neglect I could see it was a very nice room, if not in the least suitable for plays; but that did not matter, the entertainment must be made to fit the room.

I have always had a strong dislike to theatrical entertain-

ments in unlicensed buildings. The fire regulations are made for the protection of the public, and if any accident occurs, a licence also protects the manager. I felt my mediæval hall must be licensed. Technically there were sufficient exits, but down rather curious stairs. It was not the obvious place for the granting of a theatrical licence. It was attached to a pub, not by any means the smartest in the city; the street itself was off the social map; the plans were intricate and puzzling; but the magistrate looked upon my adventure with amused tolerance, and the Old Music Room became the smallest licensed theatre in England, holding an audience of ninety-nine persons. They would never allow that extra chair making it a round hundred.

We opened after Christmas with a group of Nativity plays,

and carols sung between them. There was a strange elation both with the audience and the players at this first representation in our own building. No other performance has been like it again: a kind of mystical communion filled the place, there was complete silence except for the peculiar cadence of the short mediæval verse which rose and fell monotonously, broken occasionally with the singing. It was a great evening.

The audience that had arrived in this queer place consisted of a dean, an arch-deacon, or at least his family, a canon or two, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, which in a very conservative Cathedral City meant that we were considered respectable and worthy citizens.

We gave two other performances in the spring and early summer of 1914; planning great things when we should open again in the autumn; but by September, 1914, we had all gone

our different ways to France, Salonika, and Egypt; and of the original group of Players none of them ever returned to perform again in their little theatre.

A new group was collected and we re-opened in September, 1919, with Shakespeare's 'Much Ado About Nothing', giving nine productions that year. The next year, September, 1920, we gave ten productions, opening with 'Romeo and Juliet', and in November producing our first Greek play, the 'Hippolytus' of Euripides. Sometimes visitors used to rent the hall from us for chamber concerts or lectures. One day a girl came with a friend; she wanted to give a recital. Her method was different from anyone we had ever seen, but she was an artist, and she filled us with enthusiasm although she had not yet given many performances before the general public. Her name was Ruth Draper, and because she liked the place she came again, and then never again, for a greater world had claimed her.

All this time we were working on our old plan of having the productions guaranteed; and here may I say in passing, it is



'The Old Music House', where an audience of ninety-nine saw the Norwich Players' first productions

better to have a hundred poor patrons at a guinea each than one rich man who is willing to throw away a hundred guineas. For the rich man does not mind much if he loses his money, he almost expects to do so, it makes him a patron of the arts; but the guinea guarantor has not the slightest intention of losing his, and will see that his friends, enemies, and relations are buying tickets first. He is an active and excellent publicity agent so long as his guarantee money is in danger of being touched. We have always been the theatre of the small patron. With the promise of more money I felt we could move to a larger building.

When the eighteenth-century Duke of Norfolk shook the dust of Norwich from his ducal feet for ever, because the Mayor and Authorities had not treated him with respect due to his position, he closed his private chapel, leaving the few Catholics of the day with no place of worship. This was before the Emancipation Act, and Catholics could not worship too conspicuously. So somewhere about 1780, in the middle of a network of back-alleys, they built their first church of St. John, a solid Georgian building with a gallery running round and nothing ecclesiastical in its appearance. It served them well until in happier days they were able to move their community to freer ground. St. John's was sold and made into a baking-powder factory. Whether the factory succeeded or not I do not know, but later the building was acquired by the Salvation Army. By 1920, they, in turn, needed larger premises and the Georgian Church again came into the market. I went to look at it.

It was centrally situated, isolated from traffic, with some beautiful, if dilapidated sixteenth century houses around it. The building inside looked hopeless. It was distempered in that peculiar shade of blue which used to be associated with nonconformist piety; a blue that rubbed off with the least touch. It had been well rubbed off, for signs of earlier Catholicism glowed through here and there. It was a depressing place; and, saying so aloud, I realised that it had marvellous acoustics. An ordinary theatre it could not possibly become because there was no room off stage. But it would be possible, keeping the gallery where it was, to build at one end an Elizabethan stage modelled on that of the old Fortune Theatre, where we could act Shakespeare's plays as he intended them to be played. It might be worth risking it.

The first thing was to acquire the freehold. This I managed to do, and we started the construction of an Elizabethan Playhouse, which eventually was called 'The Maddermarket', being situated by the side of the old market where the madder roots were sold for dyeing the once famous Norwich wool turkey red. 'The Maddermarket', to put it vulgarly, was built on 'tick'. We started in August, 1921, from designs worked out by Mr. Noel Paul, stealing most of our ideas from the various authorities on the Elizabethan theatre, and finished on the day we had announced that we would, September 26, 1921. It was all very exciting. We did a good deal of the painting and other work ourselves, to save money, and in the evenings amongst a debris of timber and bricks trying to rehearse 'As You Like It', with which we opened.

Slowly the place took form, and by the morning of September 26 the workmen were moving out. At half-past five we put in a small army of charwomen; at half-past six the seats were going in; at half-past seven we opened the doors to the public; and at one minute past eight we closed the doors on the late comers, for the performance had begun.

During the interval that evening in the presence of many distinguished people, Senator W. B. Yeats formally, or rather very informally, opened the Theatre. We felt that a poet was the man for this occasion; I was proud to get the

poet of the Abbey Theatre, where I had learnt so much of my job of running a small playhouse. The English press gave us all the publicity we could desire. The performance may not have been artistic, but it was undoubtedly a financial success. My early dream had become a reality! All that was left to do was to pay the bill, £3,300. 'It's done', I thought, 'and it can't be undone'. I little realised that it would take seven years of hard work to free us from debt.

Perhaps something ought to be said about the construction of the theatre. The chief characteristic of the stage is the permanent balcony at the back, seven feet six from the stage, on each side of which are two casement windows. Below these



Shakespeare played under Elizabethan conditions—a scene from 'Hamlet' in the Maddermarket Theatre

Photographs: Swains, Norwich

are permanent doors. Under the gallery is the small inner room of the Elizabethans. In front of the upper floor and the lower hang curtains which change with the character of the plays produced. Over nearly the whole stage is a roof supported on posts, the effect being something like a big four-poster bed; upon a stage of this construction any play can be performed swiftly and without pause between the scenes, and with only one interval in the middle.

Apart from the peculiar construction of the theatre, the organisation of the Norwich Players is interesting in that it has solved some of the problems which have beset the well-wishers of drama in other places. By employing amateurs (we always welcome new recruits) a larger number of people can perform, which overcomes the deadly monotony of the repertory theatre, of seeing the same actors week after week, very possibly in the same clothes, and certainly sitting on the same chairs. By not using scenery, 'stage-hands' are completely done away with. The players set their own stage as the performance proceeds. Also I think the policy of our plays has been a great help; people know more or less what to expect, and I don't think they have been badly disappointed. We have given the whole of Shakespeare; amongst the outstanding successes have been 'Coriolanus', 'Timon of Athens', 'Antony and Cleopatra', and strangely 'Pericles'.

Sheridan and Shaw hold the next honours in popularity; Tchekov is also a sure draw. Pirandello's 'Six Characters' and Flecker's 'Hassan' both played to overcrowding. Greek tragedy plays to a young audience, I suppose bent on educating themselves; comedy to the middle-aged who refuse to be educated, and do not attend any experiments; but one type and another of our audience has been loyal throughout and is continually growing. As we began in 1911 and continued again when we moved in 1921, and are going on even to this moment improving in style and learning from experience, so I hope we may continue to fill a place in the social life of our City by supplying that kind of intelligent entertainment which cannot always be found elsewhere.

Music

1935: A Handel and Bach Year—I

I PUT Handel first, not only because he was a few weeks before Bach chronologically, but even more because, unlike Bach, he is in need of a revival.

How should the anniversary of a great composer be observed? Surely musicians should concentrate on (1) special performance on festival lines of a few of his greatest works; and (2) the rescue and putting into circulation, so to speak, of such compositions as have been unduly neglected. Yet readers who recall the recent centenaries of Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn, and Brahms will agree that all were, to a greater or less extent, wasted opportunities. I give one instance only: Schubert. It is a matter of common knowledge that many of his finest songs are rarely (if ever) sung. He wrote over six hundred; how many of this immense total are even fairly well known? Ask the average amateur to name half-a-dozen of the most famous, and he will most probably be prompt with no more than four; and of these 'Adieu!' will very likely be one—which is unfortunate, for this song, so long the most famous of all (Mr. Capell in his fine book on the songs calls it 'notorious'), is poor in quality and spurious in origin. It is now generally agreed to be by a long-forgotten composer named Heinrich von Weyrauch. Turning from the songs to Schubert's splendid chamber music, we find that there are fifteen string quartets, besides about a score of other works for various combinations. Again, how many of these are played?

The year 1928, the centenary of Schubert's death, provided an opportunity of increasing our knowledge of all this music. Nobody pretended that the top shelf was the right place for more than a small proportion of the neglected works. Yet the event was observed mainly by performances of the 'Unfinished' and C major Symphonies, the most familiar of the songs, the 'Death and the Maiden' quartet, and the single movement piece known as the Quartet Satz. So flagrant was the neglect of the opportunity, that there were complaints in the press on the subject. In particular the music critic of *The Times* (I think) indignantly pointed out that one of the finest of all the string quartets, that in G major, was consistently overlooked even in the year that provided the best of reasons for bringing it to the notice of the public. A partial exception to the tale of centenary failures was that of Beethoven in the previous year, when there were a few real attempts at organised celebration. The outstanding example of what a provincial centre can do when its musical resources are organised was provided by Newcastle, where seven concerts were given, the programmes embracing every department of Beethoven's work except his one opera. There was a chorus of 350 drawn from the three chief local choral societies; the orchestra was local, as were two of the three conductors. Honour was thus done to the composer and the musicianship of the whole district raised.

I give these particulars in the hope that it is not yet too late for something on the same lines to be done for Handel during this year. In two respects the task is both easier and more necessary than it was in the case of Beethoven. First, there is a vast corpus of neglected Handel, whereas practically all of Beethoven that is worthy of his name has long been familiar; second, the bulk of Handel can be performed by small choral and instrumental forces. Moreover, a very large proportion of his neglected music is easily available, and is inexpensive. For choral societies there are the neglected oratorios, and such shorter works as the Chandos Anthems, the Utrecht Jubilate, the Dettingen Te Deum, etc. Instrumentalists are also well provided for. The general public has some excuse for supposing that Handel wrote only one Concerto Grosso—or at most, two; he wrote six. Even more strange is the neglect of the chamber music. There are no fewer than twenty-two trio sonatas, and about twenty solo sonatas. Dr. Ernest Walker (who is so little of a blind worshipper of Handel that his pages on the composer in his *History of Music in England* got him into undeserved hot water) describes the trios as being of 'singularly equable quality . . . deft and firm in texture'; and he says that 'many of the delightful dance measures look back not a little to such typically English work as the airs for the theatre of Purcell'. (Cobbett's *Cyclopaedic Survey of Chamber Music*.) Probably no more than a stray reader or two of this article have ever heard even one of the twenty-two trios.

Coming to instrumental solo works, a word should be said for the harpsichord suites. They lack the finish of Bach, but, despite their sketchiness and frequent padding, there are some

delightful things among them. And two volumes containing seventy-six hitherto practically unknown pieces recently published by Schott deserve attention (4s. each).

But perhaps the department of Handel's work in which the greatest leeway has to be made up is in the songs. Judging from the repertory of the professional singer of good average standing, Handel wrote at the outside about half-a-dozen for each voice. There was never much (if any) excuse for this delusion, and publishers have recently blown it sky high with fine cheap editions of songs many of which were not easily accessible hitherto. Novello's publish four albums (one each for soprano, alto, tenor and bass) of airs from the secular works—forty in all, mostly unfamiliar. The albums cost a mere 1s. 6d. each, which works out at a copper or two per song. A few years ago Dr. W. G. Whittaker issued through the Oxford University Press forty arias from the operas, with singable English words (1s. 6d. each). On an even bigger scale was the enterprise shown by Messrs. Boosey in 1930, when they published seven volumes containing one hundred and twenty-five songs, almost all unfamiliar, drawn chiefly from the oratorios. The books are classified—light soprano, dramatic soprano, mezzo-soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone and bass. The selection and editing were done by that distinguished teacher of singing, Mr. Walter Ford, and Mr. Rupert Erlebach wrote admirable piano accompaniments. The albums cost 3s. 6d. in paper cover; 6s. 6d. in limp cloth, gilt.

What a field is here for exploration! And this side of the centenary observance is one in which every singer and teacher of singing can take part at a trifling cost and with benefit to their work. In fact, we might say that a Handel revival would be a singing revival; for nobody can question that of all departments of solo performance that of singing is lowest today. Those of us who have heard a good deal of Handel singing lately in the numerous performances of 'The Messiah' will have been struck by the curious fact that the florid singing of the chorus was sometimes far clearer and technically better than that of the soloists. Yet the middle-aged among us can remember hearing even the most difficult of the oratorio arias sung with perfect clarity instead of with the smearing and wobbling effect that is too often heard nowadays. The average soloists of today are better musicians than their forerunners, but (I quote Sir Henry Wood's *Gentle Art of Singing*) 'they lack the agility and ease of execution of their predecessors of thirty years ago'. The decline is a natural outcome of the reaction against coloratura singing—a reaction that was justified, but which has gone too far, with the result that even moderately florid passages stump all but the best singers. There could be no better cure than a course of Handel; and no better time for the taking of the cure than this year.

Amateur orchestras might do well to explore the operatic overtures, among which there are many lively movements. Some of these have been arranged for organ by W. T. Best, and, among present-day organists, by H. G. Ley. A few years ago Sir Walford Davies gave several lecture-recitals at a City church, dealing with the neglected overtures of Handel and showing that they comprise plenty of vital things not less worth playing than the organ concertos. Many are, in fact, miniature concertos, with a slow introduction, a lively fugato, and minuet or gavotte.

Handel's vast output was notoriously unequal: the circumstances of his life made it impossible to revise and polish as Bach did. He was usually composing with one hand and fighting his rivals with the other, so to speak. The wonder is, not that he was frequently sketchy and casual, but that his genius so often triumphed over the disabilities under which he worked.

There will be a natural disposition among musicians to say, *apropos* of the Handel celebration, 'It's up to the B.B.C.' Perhaps it is; and no doubt the B.B.C. will rise to the occasion. But it is even more up to you and me. We can all do homage to this great man, both as individuals and in small groups, because (as I have tried to show) much of his music is well within our powers, besides being available in good cheap editions. Nothing is more certain than that if 1935 is made the right sort of Handel year, a great deal of fine music will come into the repertory, and will come to stay.

In a second article I propose to consider the question of Bach in 1935.

HARVEY GRACE

*The Sky at Night**Wanderers in the Night Sky*

By R. L. WATERFIELD

Broadcast on January 1

TOMORROW afternoon we are at our nearest to the sun for the whole year. Yet only ten days ago it was midwinter. I mention this simply because so many people are under the impression that the seasons depend on our distance from the sun. There is, however, a still more convincing reason why this belief is erroneous. When it is winter here, it is summer in Australia; and clearly the earth cannot be both nearest to, and furthest from, the sun at the same instant. You remember Ovid's famous story how the waxen wings of Icarus were melted because he flew too high and got too near the sun: well, the fallacy there was just the same. Although the distance of the earth from the sun does vary slightly, it varies much too slightly to make any difference.

Today the sun rose very late and set very early, and at noon it was only a short distance above the horizon. It did not have very far to go between its rising well south of east and its setting well south of west. As spring comes and passes into summer you will see the sunrise and sunset shifting round the horizon further away from each other towards the east and west, and later towards the north-east and north-west. So as summer approaches the sun remains longer above the horizon and climbs higher in the sky.

Like a dancer doing a 'twirl' round a ball-room the earth is doing two things at once: it is spinning on its axis and at the same time is travelling forwards round the sun. As the dancer spins she holds herself upright on the floor; but as the earth spins it leans over at a considerable angle. Thus at one time of the year the northern hemisphere leans over towards the sun, while six months later it leans away from the sun and the southern hemisphere leans towards it. And obviously when either hemisphere leans towards the sun, the sun gets higher over the top of it than when it is leaning away from the sun. So the summer and winter are distinguished simply by the number of working hours that the sun puts in.

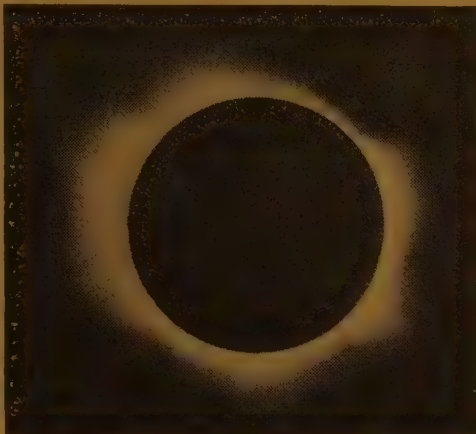
So far the movements we have been watching in the sky have in a sense been illusory; they have all been the result of the antics of our own earth. We must now take a look at those bodies whose movements are more nearly what they appear to be. And the moon is the most obvious example.

The moon is by far our nearest neighbour in space and travels round us each month in a circle at the comparatively small distance of a quarter of a million miles. Now you can actually watch the moon going round the earth by following her movement among the stars. Of course, like the sun and stars, the moon is carried by the earth's rotation from east to west across the sky. But if you look carefully you will see she is moving westwards less rapidly than the stars, and, even after the lapse of an hour, has moved appreciably eastwards among

them. And this movement which carries the moon all the way round the starry heavens in about twenty-seven days actually represents her monthly journey round the earth.

But the moon possesses the additional curious property of going through her phases. Now the phases of the moon give away her most intimate secret: they tell you that the moon is not a luminous body like the sun, but, like the earth, shines only when she is lit up by the sunlight. The fields and the white road winding over the hillside stand out brightly in the daylight; but when night comes they are dark and invisible. So is the moon dark and invisible unless the sun is shining upon her; and obviously the sun can shine only on one side of her at once. The path in which the moon moves round the earth is practically in the same flat plane as the sun; thus she sometimes passes between us and the sun, while a fortnight later she will lie in the part of the sky that is opposite to the sun. In the latter case she must appear as a full-moon, fully illuminated, for since we are then between her and the sun we are looking directly at the side of her on which the sun is shining. But a fortnight later when the moon is lying between ourselves and the sun she must obviously be turning her dark side towards us and so is invisible. There is fortunately a very simple way in which we can familiarise ourselves with the mechanism of the moon's phases and especially with those more difficult intermediate ones between the fully-illuminated full-moon and the invisible new-moon. If you will walk one night in a circle round a Belisha beacon which is close to a street lamp you can make its globe go through all the moon's phases at pleasure. You will see that the phases from a thin crescent to a half-moon occur only when the beacon is more or less between you and the street lamp; and the phases between half-moon and full-moon occur only when you yourself are more or less between the street lamp and the beacon.

You must, however, be prepared for a difference between the waxing and waning beacon and the waxing and waning moon. The shadow on the dusky side of the beacon is softened and has a hazy edge because the light of the lamp is scattered by the air; but the shadow on the dark side of the moon is



Total eclipse of sun, 1929

The dark body of the moon obscuring the sun is seen surrounded by the halo of the sun's 'corona' or outer atmosphere. The corona can only be seen during the brief moments of a total eclipse. This total eclipse photographed in the Philippines lasted nearly four minutes.

Photograph by the Author



Rehearsing for an eclipse

One of the cameras used in the author's eclipse expedition to the Philippines in 1929. The clock that moves the camera to counteract the earth's rotation during exposures is covered by the packing case on the left.

quite black with a sharp edge, because on the moon there is no atmosphere to scatter the sunlight.

When you have once walked round a beacon in this way you will never commit the sin that certain painters have committed of drawing the crescent moon the wrong way round or putting it in an impossible position in the sky. You will see why the new moon always turns its rounded back on the sunset and the old moon its rounded back on the sunrise—for clearly

the bright side must be turned towards the source that illuminates it. And you will see why the crescent moon is always fairly close to the sunset or the sunrise; and why the full moon is always exactly opposite the sun in the sky.

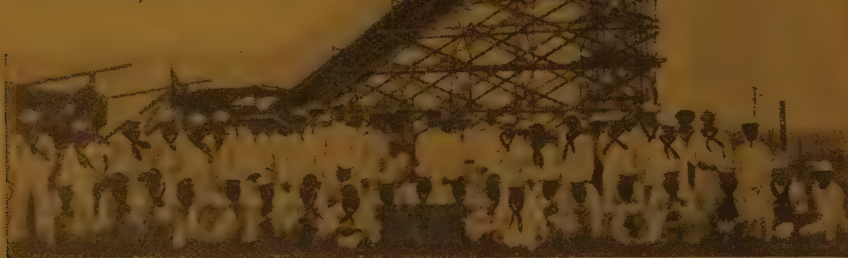
At the time of new moon, when the moon is passing between us and the sun, it usually just avoids obscuring the sun, going a little above or below it in the sky. Occasionally, however, it passes exactly between us and the sun and you see the dark silhouette of the moon encroaching more or less on the sun's bright disc. The sun is then either partially or totally eclipsed. Partial eclipses are not uncommon, and if it is fine you will be able to see one at the end of June. Total eclipses are much rarer; and some of you may remember that summer dawn in 1927 when several million people stood in the rain across England to see the first total eclipse in our islands for 200 years. But the whole point of an eclipse is that it should be total; for it is only when the last point of the sun is covered by the moon that we can see those wonderful radiating streamers of the sun's atmosphere so like the halos painted around the heads of the saints.

When the moon is full and is opposite the sun in the sky it generally passes just above or below the shadow cast by the earth. But occasionally it travels through the shadow, and then the sunlight is cut off from the moon by the earth, and the moon is darkened. But a little light manages to get through the earth's atmosphere and illuminates the moon with a deep red glow. It so happens that a fortnight next Saturday, January 19, you will be able to see the full moon rising totally eclipsed, looking, as the ancients put it, as though it had been turned into blood.

If you have ever seen a very young crescent moon on a spring evening you will have noticed that the dark part of the moon can be seen very faintly outlined. This is the 'old moon in the young moon's arms'. You know when there is a bright full moon you can see the countryside faintly lit up; well if you were on the moon when the earth was shining as a 'full-earth' the lunar landscape would be faintly lit up in the same way. And this is the faint illumination that we see on the dark side of the moon, the light of the 'earth-shine'.

There are at various times five bright objects in the sky that look exactly like the fixed stars, except that they are not fixed. These are the planets, so-called because they *wander* among the stars. Now the planets have the same status in the universe as the earth. They are very small in comparison with the sun, they all move round him in circles, and having no light of their own they shine only because they are lit up by the sun. The paths of the earth and the planets lie all practically in the same flat plane; moreover, they are all symmetrically arranged with the sun in their centre.

Mercury and Venus travel round the sun in circles inside the circle of the earth so they always appear in a part of the sky not very far from the sun. They appear to oscillate to and fro on either side of him and are sometimes visible just after sunset



A giant eclipse camera

A camera 64 feet long, used by the United States Naval Observatory's expedition to the Philippines. Instead of trying to move so large a camera, the camera is fixed while the photographic plate at its lower end is kept moving during exposures

in the west or just before sunrise in the east. You are all familiar with Venus, for when she is visible she is the brightest star-like object in the sky: sometimes she is the 'evening star', sometimes she is the 'morning star'. But Mercury is much more elusive and, unless you make a special effort to pick him up actually within the glow of the sunset, you will suffer the same fate as that great astronomer Copernicus who died without ever seeing the nearest planet to the sun.

The other three bright planets travel in circles outside that of the earth and go round the sun in longer periods: Mars 2 years, Jupiter 11 years, and Saturn 30 years. Unlike Mercury and Venus, they are not confined to the neighbourhood of the sunrise and sunset and at certain times may be exactly opposite the sun in the sky. As they travel forwards on their stately journeys round the sun so you can watch them, as the months or years pass, moving slowly eastwards



The North American star cloud

A portion of the background of the fixed stars which gives an idea of the vast multitude of the stars and the immensity of space

Photograph by the Author

among the stars. In reality they move forwards at an almost constant rate, but their apparent motion in the sky is slightly complicated by our own motion round the sun. Thus each year as the earth overtakes and passes them they appear to hesitate and even to move backwards temporarily, just as a pedestrian standing on the pavement appears to move backwards against the background of shop windows as one passes him in a car.

The careful naked-eye observations by the early astronomers of the motions of the sun, moon and planets that we have been describing enabled Copernicus to prove that the earth and planets travelled round the sun; they enabled Kepler to derive his laws of planetary motion, and finally they enabled Newton to deduce the great law of gravitation. But it was particularly the motion of the moon that gave Newton the crucial test of his theory. When first he applied that test in 1665 the observations contradicted the theory and he abandoned it: the force holding the moon in its path round the earth came out smaller than it should have been had it been the same one that dragged the apple from the tree. Seven years later the earth was found to be considerably larger than had been thought; and when Newton applied his test to the new observations he found them in perfect agreement with his theory.

I have tried in these talks to show you that the naked eye can follow much of what is going on in the heavens. In certain branches of astronomy it can do still more. In the study of shooting-stars and in the discovery of new stars the naked eye is actually the instrument of choice. While I have been talking the fifth great new star of the century has been discovered by its means; and, of the other four, three were discovered in the same way. We have seen how a small handful

of bodies are moving in the sky, while the general background, the multitudes of fixed stars, has remained unchanged. It is this absence of change that hints at so much and gives the impression how infinitely more remote the fixed stars must be. And in recent years we have learned that if the little family of the sun and planets were so reduced in scale as to lie upon a sixpence the whole earth would still be too small for the most distant stars to be placed at their proper distances.

*Speeches that Never Happened**A Wife's Testimony*

By E. M. DELAFIELD*

An address by the wife who said that her husband was always so sympathetic about her troubles

[The scene is the Committee Room of a long-established and well-known Men's Club in the West-end of London, where the members are assembled with well-bred enthusiasm to listen to a speech by a woman-lecturer. The session opens with a few introductory words from the elderly Chairman.]

THE Chairman: Gentlemen, it is with gratification rather than surprise that I perceive what a large proportion of the members of this club are, at this very moment, being turned away from the door owing to lack of space. That, perhaps, is not altogether felicitously worded . . . What I mean, Gentlemen, is that we have here this evening a record gathering, and that this fact is in no way astonishing, when we recollect the very special appeal that tonight's lecture must necessarily hold for our members. The vast majority of us are husbands . . . our main pre-occupation in life is the maintenance of happy and successful relations with the home-circle, and more especially with its presiding spirit—wife, mother, sister, or grandmother as the case may be . . . I can well understand, gentlemen, the eager curiosity, the ardent enthusiasm, that has brought you flocking here this evening, in the confident expectation of learning more about the subject so close to every manly English heart; that of domestic relations. It is in the delightful certainty that these expectations will be fully—*more* than fully—realised, that I now call upon Mrs. Purefoy—British wife and mother—to address you: Mrs. Purefoy! (*Sounds of terrific applause.*)

Mrs. Purefoy: Sir Pomfret Hyde, and gentlemen: From the bottom of my heart, I must thank you for your most cordial reception. It removes any faint trace of nervousness from my mind to realise how many of you have flung aside your newspapers, broken off your discussions on the deplorable state of the country, the iniquitous behaviour of the Income Tax authorities, and the grave shortcomings of our politicians, and left your games of bridge or of billiards unfinished. Gratefully though I note these evidences of enthusiasm, however, I fully realise that they are called forth rather by the supreme importance of my subject, than by any personal merits of my own. For in what capacity do I stand before you tonight, gentlemen?

In the capacity of an average English matron—a wife and a mother, mistress of a small, but convenient, house known alternatively as The Firs or as No. 333 Gladys Avenue, N.W., and part-owner-driver of a small car. As mother of three dear little children, and mistress of an Aberdeen terrier, a black-and-white cat, and an African grey parrot. As employer of a succession of very young girls and very elderly women, and as a regular and unfailing patron of the summer-sales, the winter-sales, the cinema, and the circulating library.

But all these distinctions, gentlemen, are comparatively unimportant. Primarily, it is as A Wife that I claim your attention. It is as A Wife that I come here today. It is in order to voice the feelings of my fellow-wives that I venture to address you. If there is one thing that we—us? No, *we* wives—if there is one special thing that we wives cherish above any other of our numerous privileges, it is the unfailing, the outspoken, the almost exaggeratedly intense sympathy accorded to us by our husbands in what may be termed the little ups-and-downs of life. I may safely say that I am voicing the feelings of practically every wife and mother in the country in paying this well-deserved tribute to the average husband and father. (*Cheers.*)

Gentlemen, let us—in parlance now grown only too familiar to us all—get right down to it. What you all want to hear, I feel sure, is a detailed example of this unfailing spirit of sympathy so prevalent amongst the whole race of husbands. Like so many wives, I am in a position to supply this example. I differ from thousands only in having been offered this superb opportunity of bearing my testimony. Gentlemen, when my new dress came home the other day, and turned out to be a

complete misfit, what happened? I went straight to my husband, who was engaged at the time in putting a coat of green paint on our dear little garden fence, and I said: 'John', I said, 'What do you think has happened? The most frightful thing that *could* happen to anybody, on the very eve of that odious Mrs. Grey's party'.

'Your new frock', said John instantly, 'is a failure'. His face had turned almost the colour of the paint on the fence, he was so upset.

'Yes', I said—and I said it, gentlemen, if you'll believe me, just exactly like that. 'My new frock is a complete and utter failure'.

'Is it the cut or the colour?' John asked sharply.

'Across the hips—as usual', I said bitterly.

John dashed the paint-brush to the ground, and splashed his trousers rather badly in doing so, but he never even noticed it.

'That woman of yours!' he said, through his clenched teeth. 'And I suppose she's allowed *nothing* in the turnings. No hope of letting it out?'

'None', I said.

It would be hard to say which of us was the more distressed. John realised, if possible, even more poignantly than I did myself what it would mean to attend Mrs. Grey's party in my old blue delaine. He told me himself that he hoped there'd be an earthquake in the middle of the night, so that the party couldn't take place anyway, which would settle the whole question. Well, gentlemen, it is perhaps needless to tell you that no actual cataclysm of nature took place, in the shape of an earthquake, but you will readily understand that John's aspiration simply served to mark the extent of his sympathy for my misfortune. And I have no doubt whatever that all or any of you, in similar circumstances, would be moved to a like demonstration. (*Hear! Hear!*)

When the perennial question arises, as it does in every modern home, of the shortcomings of the cook, to whom do I bring the entire story of what I said to her about the condition of Sunday's joint by Monday evening, and what she said to me about the last lady she was with as was a lady and didn't look at both sides of every bit of bread? To John. On the instant, his newspaper is flung aside, the wireless, whether in the midst of the cricket scores or not, is ruthlessly switched off, and John is seething with excitement over my story. Not for an instant does his attention waver, his tense anxiety relax. There are times, one supposes, when I may be led into repeating my story three or even four times, but does my husband take the whole thing less seriously on that account? Not for one moment. In common with practically every husband I have ever met or heard of, in this our England, he can listen to the same string of grievances repeated fifteen times in succession, and each time find himself rather more moved by them than he was the time before.

Then, again, there is the question of ailments. The majority of men, and more particularly husbands, are utterly indifferent to their own aches or pains. One may say that it's almost impossible to work them up to any alarm about the state of their own health, however precarious. But let a wife breathe but one hint of a headache, a cold, a pain in her little finger—and what, I ask you, is the reaction of the average husband? He can talk and think of nothing else. He makes hourly enquiry as to the sufferer's progress, he notes and analyses every symptom, he is the first person to suggest rest, a change of air, a complete absence of all domestic responsibility.

By this time, no doubt, you are asking yourselves—if not me—why I am presenting you with this collection of truisms, for they are nothing less. Not for a moment do I pretend to you that this exposition of the average husband and his behaviour towards his wife, is designed to place any new facts before you. No, gentlemen—I am here simply as spokeswoman

for innumerable wives. It was time, we all felt, that one of us should voice the experience of all.

Allow me, passing for the moment into a vein of light satire, to give you an impression of that hypothetical monster, the unsympathetic husband.

We will imagine ourselves in the society of a husband and wife. The hour is the rather uninspiring one of breakfast: the couple are *tête-à-tête*. The wife speaks first—as wives not infrequently do. 'It's funny, but I couldn't sleep last night. I was awake practically all night. I heard the clock strike one, and then half-past, and then two, and then —'

At this point, gentlemen, she is interrupted by her partner. That, perhaps, is not unreasonable. I have no wish to be harsh in my judgment, and it is undeniable that after one o'clock, and half-past one, the clock—if it is in order—strikes two. Few persons will wish to hear its activities enumerated in any great detail. Let us, then, admit that interruption, if unsympathetic, is understandable. But supposing that this interruption took something of the following form: 'Couldn't sleep? How very odd. I had a shocking bad night myself. It must have been at least three in the morning before I dropped off, and then it wasn't what I call really sound sleep . . .'. ('Shame'.)

Not improbably, the wife's natural reaction to this is neither more nor less than a sharply-worded announcement that her head is aching. And what, gentlemen, does this incredible fig-

ment of a disordered imagination—this morbid creation that I have called the unsympathetic husband—what does he reply? He replies at once, and without any slightest hesitation, that he, too, has a headache, and a much worse one. And so it goes on. Every ailment, every ache or pain of which the wife makes mention, serves no other purpose than to remind the husband of his own similar, but much greater, sufferings.

Gentlemen, are there, I seem to hear you ask, such husbands in existence in our modern civilisation? Husbands who, whatever the troubles of their wives, always immediately discover the same trouble in themselves, in a slightly superior degree? Let me at once reassure you. Such husbands do not exist, they are not known in our midst. (*Cheers*.)

Here and now, gentlemen, let me proudly proclaim that I, who stand before you as representing English wifehood, have a husband who *always* sympathises with me in my troubles; more especially when those troubles are concerned with the servants, the minor faults, failings and ailments of the children, the difficulty of thinking of a new pudding, and the impossibility of finding any garment that looks like twenty guineas and costs two.

In conclusion, let me thank you warmly for giving me this opportunity of at last announcing to the world what we have all thought and felt for so long; there's no place like home, and no sympathiser like a husband.

The Rescue of the 'Usworth'

Part of an account by Captain Bisset and the Third Officer of the White Star steamer 'Ascania', of the rescue of the British steamer 'Usworth', broadcast from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on December 19, and recorded and re-broadcast in the National programme as a special item later in the same evening

CAPTAIN BISSET: The *Usworth* sailed from Montreal on December 3 on her way to Queenstown. All went well until 4 a.m. on December 11, when, running before a heavy north-west gale, her steering gear was carried away. A wireless signal was sent out for assistance; and her crew, working feverishly and deluged with heavy seas, got the steering gear repaired. But again it broke, and the rudder commenced lashing about furiously, threatening to break up altogether. About 10 a.m. the Belgian freighter *Jean Jadot* arrived on the scene, but was unable to do anything owing to the bad weather. At noon on December 12, the weather having modified, the *Usworth* was taken in tow by the *Jean Jadot*, and both ships proceeded in the direction of Fayal, Azores, 600 miles distant, for repairs. *Usworth's* crew, working throughout the night, got the gear functioning satisfactorily by 9 a.m. on December 13, only to have it carried away again three hours later. The weather had now developed into a furious gale, with high seas of hurricane force. About 10 p.m. a mountainous wave was seen approaching, the phosphorescence along it showing up white against the dark sky. The *Usworth* made a gallant attempt to climb the wave, but it swept over her deck like a volcano, throwing the ship on her beam ends. Her wireless aerial went over the side; but they rigged up a temporary one, and sent out an S.O.S.

The *Ascania* left London on December 7, and after clearing the English Channel met with a succession of mountainous seas. On the night of Thursday, December 13, the gale was at its height, accompanied by squalls of hurricane force. About midnight a messenger handed me the S.O.S. from the *Usworth*, which I found was 100 miles away in a south-east direction. We got in touch by wireless with the *Jean Jadot*, who was standing by as the *Usworth* aerial was not functioning well. At 4.30 a.m. on Friday we requested the *Usworth* to fire rockets as a check on our direction finder, but as their rockets were wet the *Jean Jadot* fired three in succession, and we found they were situated straight ahead over 30 miles distant. At 3 a.m. we got the first message from the *Usworth*: 'We have no boat. Please do your utmost to pick up crew of 26 men'.

By 6.50 we had stopped close to them. The *Usworth* was rolling about in a violent manner and her boats were washed away. The *Jean Jadot* was now negotiating for position with the intention of firing a line over the *Usworth*, and it was hoped to launch an empty boat and trust that they would be able to pull it over and get into it. We agreed that any attempt to send a manned boat over would be suicide. While the *Jean Jadot* was endeavouring to get into position, I steamed under *Usworth's* lee and

distributed large quantities of oil on the water. The *Jean Jadot* eventually fired two rockets, but both missed, and she was rapidly drifted out of position. She then distributed oil while the *Ascania* swept round and made a similar attempt. Again both rockets missed, and we realised that nothing could be done until the weather mended. Meanwhile the *Usworth* was urging us to get the crew off as soon as possible, as the situation was becoming critical. About noon the weather modified slightly, and the *Jean Jadot* suddenly announced that she was going to launch a boat with men in it, and requested me to spread oil and then to give them a lee for shelter. We saw the boat launched, and eight brave men scrambled down the side into it. Three minutes later they had pushed out and commenced a valiant struggle across to the *Usworth*. A few men were still discernible on *Usworth's* decks, and I decided that if they were to be got out the attempt must be made at once. I steamed round to get into position. Suddenly I sighted a boat and several black objects which might have been lifebelts, or bodies, or both, smothered in black oil. A squall blew up, blotting everything out, and in it appeared the *Jean Jadot* apparently searching for its boat. It transpired that the boat had been struck by the crest of a heavy wave and capsized, and twelve out of fourteen of the *Usworth's* crew had been drowned, together with two of the *Jean Jadot's* crew, only eight being picked up. I brought the *Ascania* up to 100 feet of the *Usworth's* stern, and then dropped a boat, fully manned, and under the charge of the Third Officer. Owing to our rapid drift she had difficulty in getting clear of the side, and was in imminent danger of being crushed; but I had the *Ascania* well in hand. I will now ask the Third Officer to continue the story.

THIRD OFFICER: We received several hard bumps when close to the bow of the ship, until a big sea finally swept us clear. Once in the open, the high sea made pulling very difficult, but the men stuck to it, and after a hard struggle got under the lee of the *Usworth*. Three men then jumped, but were swept away despite all efforts to save them. After this I decided I must get alongside, and, watching for an opportunity, managed to do so. As the boat rolled up on the swell the remaining nine survivors jumped into it from the bridge deck, and collapsed exhausted into the bottom of the boat. As I expected, getting away from the *Usworth's* side was an exceedingly difficult operation, and thirteen oars were broken as we were dashed back against the side. But at last a tremendous sea swept over *Usworth*, washing us clear and half filling the boat with water. Fortunately we found a patch of oil, and a few minutes later we got safely alongside the *Ascania*. Every man in my boat pulled his weight, and with the same crew I would be more than willing to face the same difficulties again.

Forthcoming Talks

THE B.B.C. PROGRAMME OF TALKS for the period January to March, 1935, has now been published. It gives details of talks to be given from Droitwich National and London Regional transmitters during the coming session, and can be obtained free from any B.B.C. office. The series on India provides the most imposing list of speakers. The talks will be in the National programme at 10.0 p.m. on consecutive Tuesdays and Fridays from January 1 to February 5. The principal speakers will be Sir Samuel Hoare, Major C. R. Attlee, Sir George Schuster, Lord Lloyd of Dolobran, Mr. Isaac Foot, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. George Lansbury and Mr. Stanley Baldwin.

'Conversations in the Train', a popular series that ran during 1932, is to be revived. One of these 'conversations' will take place every Saturday, and will give an opportunity for presenting the opinions of the man in the street on various problems, political, social and economic. Another regular late evening series will be given by Mr. Philip Thornton on Fridays, following on the conclusion of the 'India' series. He will talk about, and illustrate, the songs and music of Africa and the East. Listeners may remember two series of this sort which Mr. Thornton has already contributed to the morning talks. Other late evening features on week-days will take the form of the reading of short stories specially written for the microphone, talks on the day's work, on the sky at night (by Dr. Reginald Waterfield) and on England from the air (by Mr. Filson Young). In addition, there will be a series of talks on 'Youth Looks Ahead', to which speakers under thirty years of age will contribute. Among them will be Mr. J. F. Wolfenden, Headmaster of Uppingham School; Rev. Joseph McCulloch; Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter and Mr. Geoffrey Crowther. There will also be one or two 'Is that the Law?' discussions. As before, these will take the form of an interview in chambers between a barrister and his lay client.

On alternate Sundays, at 9.0 p.m., a twenty-minute review will be given of the news in retrospect. This may include news from the law courts, headlines from foreign newspapers, extracts from Blue Book publications, important new scientific discoveries, and so on. There will also be a twenty-minute talk at approximately 7.0 p.m. on Sundays, except the second Sunday in the month. Some of these talks will be either by travellers, or by people who live in distant parts of the Empire, and others will be concerned with extracts from recently published books on numerous topics.

Morning talks at 10.45 deal with 'Shopping and Cooking' on Tuesdays, with child welfare on Fridays, and with 'The Week in Westminster' on Saturdays. The talks on Mondays will be concerned with the home, its interior decoration and fittings, domestic utensils, the destruction of pests, and so on. On Wednesdays there will be a series called 'Would You Change?' in which speakers will describe their daily lives either now or when they were children. The 'At Home Today' talks on Thursdays will be continued. In connection with the Tuesday series a pamphlet will be issued, price 2d. (3d. post free), which will give recipes, suggested meals for five weeks on end, and a detailed shopping list for each of the five weeks.

Three talks will be given each week for listeners in unemployed clubs and centres. The Monday talks from 11.0 to 11.20 a.m. will describe the facilities provided by the State, or private bodies, for improving the citizens' lot, and will also explain the Acts that deal with such matters as Rent Restriction, Unemployment, Workmen's Compensation, Health Insurance, and so on. The National Council of Social Service is collaborating with the B.B.C. in this series, and will be responsible for answering, with the help of experts, inquiries on points which are not dealt with at the microphone. The talks on Tuesdays will be from 4.0 to 4.20 p.m. Mr. John Hilton will continue to comment on current affairs and life in general. On Wednesdays there will be a talk from 2.50 to 3.10 p.m. This will deal mainly with club activities of all kinds. Arrangements will be made for a representative to visit and keep in touch with clubs in various parts of the country.

The 'service' talks between 6.30 and 7.15 p.m. will include book talks by G. K. Chesterton and E. M. Delafield; talks on 'Science in the Making' by Dr. John Baker and Dr. A. S. Russell; music talks by Professor Donald F. Tovey and Saturday evening sports talks. Mr. S. R. Littlewood will give the drama criticisms, and Mr. Alistair Cooke will continue to talk about the cinema. Mr. John Morgan and Mr. C. H. Middleton will, as before, be responsible for the farming and gardening talks respectively.

Talks for discussion groups will be on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7.30 p.m. Mr. Eric Newton, art critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, will sponsor a series on 'The Artist and His Public' on Mondays. Among other contributors will be Sir Reginald Blomfield, Sir Charles Holmes and Mr. R. H. Wilenski. The 'Freedom and Authority in the Modern World' series will be continued on Tuesdays, and on Thursdays Mr. J. W. F. Rowe and Mr. J. Jewkes will talk about some of the great industries and markets from which we get our principal raw materials—sugar, rubber, tin, cotton, and so on. 'Talks for Discussion Groups', price 2d. post free, covers in general these last two series, and a special pamphlet, 'The Approach to Art', price 6d. (7d. post free), is to be published in connection with Mr. Newton's series.

Language talks will be continued on Tuesdays (French, Monsieur E. M. Stéphan) and Thursdays (German, Herr Max Kroemer).

Wireless Discussion Groups

DURING THE PAST SIX YEARS the B.B.C. has been attempting to find out by experiment what contribution can be made to Adult Education in this country by the formation of Wireless Discussion Groups. In this work the B.B.C. has had the benefit of the active co-operation of outside Advisory Councils, both National and Regional. The experimental period during which these Councils were asked to give help and advice came to an end last July. After discussions with the National Advisory Council the Corporation has decided to substitute for the former Councils new advisory machinery, which will consist of seven Area Councils and an Adult Education Advisory Committee. These will be small but active bodies consisting of individuals who are known to take an interest in broadcast Adult Education, and who can at the same time be said to be broadly representative of the Adult Education movement.

The Corporation recognises the value of the work of the Discussion Groups and is prepared to continue its support of this movement, both by providing a service of Adult Education talks as a part of its general programme service, and by bearing, for a limited period, the financial and administrative responsibility for stimulating and directing the movement. The Corporation has, however, made it clear from the start of its Adult Education experiment that it does not consider that follow-up work at the listening end can properly form a permanent part of its activities. It regards the new system of Area Councils as the basic machinery for the development of broadcast Adult Education, but it hopes, through their advice and assistance, to transfer, in due course, its financial and administrative responsibility in respect of all listening end work of broadcast Adult Education to some other body or bodies.

New Classical Translations

Two volumes of special interest which have recently been added to the Latin Section of the Loeb Classical Library are the treatises of Cato and Varro on farming and a collection of 'Minor Latin Poets' translated by Professor Wight Duff. The treatise of Cato represents the earliest extant specimen of Latin prose, while Varro's is the only complete work left to us out of the immense number written by 'the most learned of the Romans'. The volume of Minor Latin Poets covers four-and-a-half centuries succeeding the fall of the Republic. It makes available the work of many little-known authors, including several poems, such as 'Etnia' and the pastorals of Calpurnus Siculus and others, which are as beautiful and striking as some of those of the more celebrated poets. In the new batch of Loeb volumes are also included, on the Latin side, Valerius Flaccus' brilliant but unfinished epic on the Argonauts, and on the Greek side, the second volume of non-literary Papyri, the final volume of Basil's letters (with his treatise on the reading of Greek literature), Books V-VIII of the Antiquities of Josephus, and Professor Cornford's completion of Dr. Wicksteed's translation of Aristotle's Physics. The editors of the Library hope to issue in the next few weeks the second and final volume of Professor Shorey's translation of Plato's Republic. All volumes in this library may be had in cloth binding at 10s. 6d. each from Messrs. Heinemann.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

The Challenge of the Greek

Dr. Glover's eloquent exposition of the value of Greek culture will rouse a sympathetic echo in the mind of everyone who belongs to that minority of our citizens able to afford a classical education. But does he not fall, by the hyperbole of his praise of the Greeks, into an error which has done infinite harm to the cause of the Classics in our time? Why gloss over the grave faults—moral and political—which lay at the root of Greek civilisation and were responsible for the evanescence of its glories? These were (1) The institution of slavery, the rotten foundation upon which the whole fair superstructure, on its social and economic side, was reared. What becomes of 'the Greek as a thoroughgoing individualist' in the light of this fact? Does Dr. Glover count the slaves as Greeks? And is there no typical slave name in Greek literature, as common (comparatively) as Smith and Jones are among us today? 'Free enterprise' is a meaningless phrase in a slave-run world. It does seem as if Dr. Glover was shutting one eye to the essentially aristocratic and oligarchic nature of the Greek community. Furthermore, even within the narrow circle of free Greece, he omits all reference to Sparta, where surely State interference with the life of the private citizen went as far as any present-day collectivist could ask. And Sparta, after all, defeated Athens in the greatest war in Greek History! (2) The subjection of women (and its dark accompaniment, the toleration and even encouragement of homosexual relations). It was Pericles himself who in the Funeral Oration dismissed the whole sex with the words: 'To a woman, not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or evil among men' (Jowett's Translation). What sort of freedom for women does this pronouncement suggest? But after one has subtracted the slaves and the women, the Greek commonwealth becomes rather a shrunken affair. (3) Lack of patriotism. The Greeks displayed to the full that fatal vice—so reprobated by their greatest historian—of *stasis*, or factiousness—the spirit which imbues politics with fanaticism, proscribes opponents by massacre or exile, and tolerates corruption and venality. How many of the great Greek statesmen were in the pay of Persia during the critical years of the fifth century? Can we conceive of any parallel, in the modern world, to the treachery of Themistocles, Alcibiades, Lysander, and others who intrigued against their own cities?

Dr. Glover, with all the weight of his learning and eloquence behind him, ought surely to have mentioned (if only to palliate) these grave faults, in which Greek civilisation falls so definitely behind our own. We do not belittle ancient Athens by recognising her deficiencies, any more than we need reproach ourselves for not emulating all her virtues.

Eastbourne

BASIL HOLYWELL

The Indian Rope Trick

It was on a Sunday morning, a typical November day, that I went to Richmond Walk, Devonport—a winter camping ground for show people—to witness, if possible, a performance of the famous Indian Rope Trick by 'Karachi', a showman who claimed that he could present it. As far as I could gather it was merely a demonstration for the Press photographer and not a public performance. After waiting in the cold until about 10.30 a.m., 'Karachi' appeared from his caravan dressed as an Indian Fakir and carrying an Oriental carpet, or rug, which he spread in the centre of the roadway. He then returned to his caravan and produced a rope of what looked like 3-strand manilla, about an inch-and-a-half thick, which was already coiled in his hand. He stood in the centre of the rug, and, apparently to prove that the rope was unprepared, he held the coil in his left hand and swung about 3 feet of the end of the rope around in the air with the same motion as a cowboy uses when throwing a lasso. The rope was not passed for examination, but re-coiled, and 'Karachi' then sat cross-legged on the rug and placed the coil between his legs. He took an end of the rope in his left hand and started to push it into the air with his right.

It went up in a series of jerks to a height of about six feet, when it stopped, swaying slightly in mid-air. Mr. Lewis then took a picture, after which 'Karachi' brought the rope down again in the same manner as he had put it up. The rope was then uncoiled on the ground and I estimated its length at about 12 feet. 'Karachi' stood over the rope, picked it up and held it perpendicularly, where it remained more or less rigid. Mr. Lewis then took another picture. The rope was then laid upon the ground again and recoiled by 'Karachi'. This ended the performance at Richmond Walk, and as I did not go to Roborough Downs, I do not know what happened there.

The whole essence of the Trick is that it is performed in an open space. That is what makes it such a devastating performance. Magicians have reproduced the effect on a stage, but that is an entirely different proposition.

When one is confronted with the fact that illusionists such as Maskelyne, David Devant, Houdini, Chung Ling Soo, Hertz, Bertram, etc., spent valuable time and money in fruitless attempts to see and probe the mystery of the Indian Rope Trick, it is, to say the least, surprising that one still reads and hears of persons who have actually seen the Trick performed. The International Brotherhood of Magicians has a membership of over 5,000 magicians, and at the annual convention of the British Ring of the Brotherhood at Leamington Spa this year (part of which, incidentally, was broadcast) it was unanimously decided, after a lengthy discussion, that no such Trick had been, or could be, performed. The Magic Circle, of London, a few years ago also refused to acknowledge the Trick.

Until experts actually witness the Indian Rope Trick, actually as it is described, it would seem that up to now some imaginative joker in the past performed a 'Rope' Trick himself in that he has 'had us all on a piece of string' ever since! Joking aside, however, Mr. Lewis has stated emphatically in the Press that the pictures which he took at Roborough Downs are genuine, and confesses himself beaten as to the solution of 'Karachi's' performance. Candidly, I was not greatly impressed with the portion of the trick by 'Karachi' that I witnessed, as I should have liked to have examined the rope he used. However, he claims to be able to perform the Trick with any rope. My own opinion is that until 'Karachi', to substantiate his claim, gives a demonstration of the Rope Trick, in all its phases, to a select committee of prominent, influential, and responsible people (not necessarily all magicians), I am afraid the Press and the public will remain rather sceptical.

Plymouth

HENRY A. GOAD

Member, International Brotherhood of Magicians

It was at no one's invitation that I was present at the performance of 'Karachi's' Indian Rope Trick at Devonport. Meeting Mr. J. Lewis, the photographer who resides at Plymouth, and whom I know quite well, he informed me of his appointment with 'Karachi', and as representative of a showman's newspaper I considered it my duty to be there. To describe what I saw at Devonport would be but to repeat Mr. Reginald Lewis' very lucid account of the event, which, however, I can confirm took place in every particular precisely as he has stated. I was not personally present at Roborough, Mr. Lewis on that occasion acting as my deputy for the *World's Fair* report. I have no doubt as to the genuineness of that report and of Mr. Lewis' letter, as I know the locality extremely well and can fully corroborate the statement that it is a place where no 'faking' or false representation of the performance could possibly be made.

When I beheld 'Karachi's' demonstration at Richmond Walk the words that crossed my mind were, 'Simple, but startlingly effective'. That was from the average spectator's point of view. As one who has had a very long and intimate connection with the show profession I may be prejudiced, but my own personal impression of the Trick is that *far too much fuss* has been (and is still being made) about it. The Trick, in fact, is not nearly so remarkable as some other illusions that I have seen, and that others have sometimes written about. I have it from those who

have witnessed them that the 'mango tree' and the 'decapitation' illusions are much more wonderful in effect, and much more difficult to perform, than the Indian Rope Trick. Indeed, one Hindu gentleman (who is the proprietor of a touring 'Indian Village') very recently told me that the performance of the Rope Trick was 'absurdly simple' when once you knew the secret. If 'Karachi's' performances of the Rope Trick are not genuine they have the *appearance* of being so, and that (I submit) is all that can be asked of any conjuror or magician, and of the things that he claims to do. A 'trick' is a 'trick' so long as it is considered not to be a 'miracle', but the Indian Rope Trick has been so bolstered up and misrepresented by the exaggerated accounts of unreliable and notoriety-hunting travellers that it has lost its real character, and those who hear or read about it expect far more than it is possible for any human creature to perform.

In reference to the boy climbing the rope, 'Karachi' distinctly says, in a letter to me describing his performance, 'I will take a thick rope, one usually used in a tug-of-war, manipulate this rope so that it will stand on its end on the ground, will then produce coloured fires, without any wires or batteries, and then what appears to be a small boy or monkey will slither up the rope and disappear'. Please note the word 'appears'; for it is the keynote of all conjuring performances. As everyone of the critics declare, no one ever has, or ever will, perform the Rope Trick as the travellers describe it—*viz.* as an actual and veritable performance. It is as much a 'trick' as the old-time 'aerial suspension' and the 'vanishing lady', all of which illusions for a time so mystified the world that it thought that they were real.

Plymouth

W. INGLES ROGERS

'The Serial Universe'

May I reply briefly to Mr. Lauwerys' letter? Mr. Dunne presents 'Serialism' not merely as an empirical hypothesis, but as a theory, the truth of which inevitably follows from a correct analysis of the nature of Time. If this argument is sound he must accept all the consequences, and not choose out merely the palatable ones; and since his reasoning applies with equal force to Time and Space, he is committed, willy nilly, to the spatial extension, and to the absurdities which, as Mr. Lauwerys agrees, then follow. The 'single destructive misunderstanding' referred to at the end of my review is (clearly, I think) the same as that mentioned near the beginning, namely Mr. Dunne's confusion about the nature of physical dimensions.

St. John's College, Cambridge

M. H. A. NEWMAN

Modern Architecture

Failing deserved condemnation from any more influential quarter, will you allow me to say that the 'models for multi-storey circular flats in reinforced concrete' ought to be preserved as glaring examples of how not to house human beings and of perverted ingenuity in the use of modern building materials? One of many possible objections to the scheme, sufficient to relegate it to an architectural chamber of horrors, is that about twenty-five per cent. of the tenements could never benefit by a ray of direct sunlight. That kind of thing looks like an attempt to increase the death-rate as well as the density at the centre.

New Southgate

GEORGE PEVERETT

Square Pegs and Round Holes

Your editorial in THE LISTENER of December 19 interested me greatly, because of the above principle being imposed upon me and my workmates. We are working in intolerable conditions, conditions which are tolerated because of the length of time they have been endured. My job at all times calls for a good light, but only this week I have had to work in a shop which we call 'The Black Hole', and in which when working one way you cannot see what you are doing. I've heard complaints about this particular shop for years, but the foreman, though he could, won't solve this problem. We have gas and electric lighting, but the electric light is far below the standard of the gas. A few units of electric or a few cubic feet of gas saved is more precious than the workers' eyesight. We have been on piecework now for several years, and most of my mates are men who have put in from 25 to 50 years' service. The younger lads were got rid of when piecework was introduced. Piecework meant harder work for us who were left, and at the present moment we are being asked to work for lower piece prices, which would mean that in order to earn a little for ourselves

over day-work rates we should have to strip for the job and go at a maddening pace throughout the day. We are being asked to accept the lowest prices that are being paid for my class of work in this country, and to enforce it there is being put the alternative of dismissal before us. This is our Christmas card, which the great public service for whom we work has sent us to make each one of us fear and tremble for the future.

I could elaborate more on this subject, but what I should like to know is this: the employers can call in the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, but what steps can be taken on behalf of the employees? During one of the 'Midland Parliaments' I believe the statement was made that employers who held the threat of dismissals over its employees was as dead as a Dodo. I can assure the speaker it is not so.

'SQUARE HOLE'

In your comments on the Annual Report of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, in your issue of December 19, you referred to the advice on careers which is given by the Institute. The fee which the Institute has to charge has prevented many people, who could not afford it, from securing this guidance for their sons and daughters. I think that it would interest your readers to know that there now exists a special though, alas! limited, fund for paying a part of this fee of such cases.

Alldwyck House, W.C. 2

C. B. FRISBY

Secretary, National Institute of Industrial Psychology

Authority

I must confess to the great enjoyment I have in reading your paper—not less was the enjoyment in reading 'Does God speak Within Us?' by the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews. But I must dissent from him when he talks about authority. Can anybody tell me what authority there is in mathematics—my own subject? If I make a statement it is quite open to anybody to test it and report the result.

Stockport

HERBERT J. WOODALL

The School-Leaving Age

With reference to the discussion between Sir Kenneth Lee and Dr. Mallon on 'Should the School-leaving Age be Raised?', would Sir Kenneth Lee, and those of his line of thought, be prepared to consider the application of the same rule to their sons and daughters? Is this not a case of one law for the rich and another for the poor? Though we—rather smugly and inaccurately—describe our present system as one of 'equal opportunity', Bellamy more correctly likened it to a handicap race. We are all Pharisees and hypocrites in some form or another, and this is one form.

Cheltenham

H. JARRETT-KERR

Care of the Mentally Unfit

Undoubtedly, the finest service to the mentally afflicted can only be performed in a truly religious *spirit*. But to identify that with ecclesiastical organisation, officials or theologies and therefore to propose the authority of these in place of social and scientific effort, is retrograde and dangerous. The motives of religious persons and bodies may be beyond question, and we owe a profound debt to those valiant souls who have sacrificed time, thought and energy to mental sufferers. Yet it cannot be denied that however earnest and sacrificing they may be, these religious persons and bodies are ill-equipped for this special task. Thank God neither the Salvation Army nor an order of monks are likely to receive official sanction 'to take over one of our asylums'. Surely it should be realised that the whole question of mental disorder not only covers a vast field from psychoanalysis on the one hand to eugenics on the other, but also that workers in this field require both extensive scientific training and experience.

Will it be contended that such workers in our public mental hospitals are incapable of serving with 'religious enthusiasm'? If so, my experience on a County Mental Hospitals Committee is to the contrary. I would far sooner entrust the care of any mentally unfit friend or relative of mine to such hospitals than to the pious but limited understanding of a 'religious' institution. Certainly, organised religion has uplifted some of the fallen and assisted some types of suffering humanity, but, generally speaking, its traditional antipathy to scientific research has placed on it some limitations. Thus, for instance, despite

'religious' effort prostitution in Moscow was pursued in pre-War days by some 20,000 women. Today there are about 500, the decrease being due not to ecclesiastical activity but to the absence of unemployment and the establishment by the U.S.S.R. of prophylactoria. In other words, non-theological social and scientific effort has succeeded far more comprehensively than the methods of the pious. And the Soviet treatment of mental disease is relatively no less successful. I suggest, similarly, that in our own land, given economic security, further social and scientific research and application would prove more effective than the efforts of religious bodies. The severest diffi-

culty with which we have to deal at the present time is due to financial economy!

May I add that conditions in private mental hospitals may be inferior to those in public mental hospitals and some of the latter are better than others, but I am positive that in the best, apart from the limitations imposed by economy, there is not only scope for wise, sympathetic, humane and scientific treatment, but also such treatment is in fact given with as much real 'religious enthusiasm' as is usually identified (quite erroneously) with theological conviction.

Walthamstow

REGINALD SORESENSEN

India—The Only Way

(Continued from page 2)

pressure, and the only evidence that exists is evidence of pressure being used by Mr. Churchill and his friends to keep the States out of Federation. The Princes have been anxious about certain safeguards and when they find, as I believe they will, that their anxieties have been removed, they will make good their original undertakings that were the starting point of this policy and enter the Federation in the interests alike of their own States and of their Mother Country, India.

A Comprehensive Plan

You will see from what I am saying that I am not trying to describe our policy in any detail. Most of you know as much about it as I could summarise in a short time. I am chiefly anxious to impress upon you the fact that it is comprehensive and that it all hangs together. There cannot be provincial autonomy without Federation, and Federation must be all-India Federation embracing the States and British India. If there is to be Federation, there must be responsibility in the Central Government if only to satisfy the requirements of the Princes who will not enter a Federation controlled by Whitehall. And finally in the present circumstances of India and in the conditions arising out of our long and historic association with the country there must be a system of reservations and safeguards to ensure stability and security.

No Irish Analogy

With regard to these safeguards I will only say that they are utterly unlike anything provided in our Treaty with Ireland and in the Irish Constitution. The only safeguard that we had in the case of Ireland was a paper safeguard of good faith resting upon the fact that the Irish settlement was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the Irish people and was ratified by the Irish Parliament. There is no point of resemblance whatever between the Irish and the Indian cases.

The Better Government of India

The final test of our policy is whether it is one for the better government of India. This is the broad question that contains within it the issue that is constantly in our minds, the future welfare of the Indian masses. The millions of toiling workers cannot be treated as an isolated part of the population that has no connection with the rest. I certainly do not suggest that self-government is, in itself, preferable to good government. Such a suggestion would be entirely inconsistent with the record of our rule in India. But I do maintain that the old system of paternal government, great as have been its achievements on behalf of the Indian masses in the past, is no longer sufficient. However good it has been, it cannot survive a century of western education, a long period of free speech and of a free press and our own deliberate policy of developing Parliamentary government. We have reached the point when the welfare of the people depends upon co-operation between the Government and the political elements of the country and when the most difficult social questions, such as the status of women and child marriage, can only be settled by Indians themselves. For fifteen years many of the subjects that most directly affect the vital interests of the workers, such as health and education, have been in the charge of responsible Ministers. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Churchill do not propose to with-

draw the departments that are already in Indian hands. Indeed they profess to be willing to transfer practically all the subjects that affect the daily lives of the Indian masses. Why then do they attack us as if we were sacrificing the interests of the masses to Indian politicians and as if they were seeking to preserve and safeguard them?

The Indian Masses

In the conditions of the present day, the interests of the people as a whole will be most effectively served by a wide franchise that will give them for the first time a say in their own government, and by a system of responsibility and political opportunity that will attract the best men into public life.

If we want evidence as to what the masses of the people think about their own future prospects, what better could we have than that of the Depressed Classes, often called the Untouchables, with whom we rightly have so much sympathy? Their leader, Dr. Ambedkar, has time after time supported proposals on the lines of the Report. For the first time the depressed classes will have an effective voice in provincial politics. They at least believe that a new chapter of hope and opportunity is being opened to them.

No Delay

I hope I have now succeeded in convincing you that our policy is a policy of prudent progress, that it is supported by authority and experience, and that it offers the only possible course of action. Have I succeeded in persuading you? If I have, you will probably be saying, 'If this is the Government programme, why should it continue to be opposed in Parliament? Why should both Houses be asked to sacrifice to it time that might better be spent on the discussion of domestic affairs?' I hope that someone in the course of this debate will answer these questions. I will only make this remark in connection with them. I suppose that Labour, being the official opposition, will feel bound to oppose. I feel sure, however, that in opposing they will maintain the attitude of caution and responsibility that they took up in the recent debates. If they oppose, they will not, I am sure, obstruct. If they criticise, they will still advise Indians to work the scheme.

But Mr. Churchill and his friends are not the official Opposition. They are a section of the principal party that supports the Government, and by no means a big section of it. For years past they have been carrying on a relentless campaign against our Indian policy. Some may think that they have already carried their opposition too far. Surely at any rate they have carried it far enough. They have had every chance of converting their own party and in spite of the ability and sincerity of many of them they have failed. They have failed in a great party meeting. They have failed in the House of Commons. They have failed in the House of Lords. Is it too much to hope that they will listen to an appeal not to delay reforms that in the view of the Viceroy and all the Governors in India are already overdue? Is it too much to hope that Parliament, approving the careful and conscientious work of its own Committee, will expedite the passage of the Bill, and in the year that is opening today keep its hands as free as possible to grapple with the questions of work, wages, housing, and taxation that affect so closely every British citizen?

The Private Life of the Gannet

Stills from Julian Huxley's new film, which is now on show, together with 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' at the Leicester Square Theatre



The home of the gannets—Grassholm Island, off the coast of Pembrokeshire



Courtship: the curious habit of beak-kissing



Nest-building



A stray gannet, displaced from her nest, has to run the gauntlet of neighbouring mothers



Feeding her young

London Film Productions

Empire Half-Dozen

The Romance of Labrador. By Sir Wilfred Grenfell. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.

Where the River Runs Dry. By Michael H. Mason. Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. By Sir Harold MacMichael. Faber. 15s.

The Winning of the Sudan. By Pierre Crabitès. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

Rhodesian Mosaic. By Rawdon Hoare. Murray. 10s. 6d.

The Indian Police. By J. C. Curry. Faber. 5s.

Reviewed by JOHN COATMAN

THERE WAS ONCE, not very long ago, some excuse for British people not knowing anything of their 'dependent' Empire, because very little had been written about it. Even those Colonies which are now Dominions tended to be little more than mere names, in spite of the fact that there was a constant stream of books about them, and that there are comparatively few people in this country who have not got relatives or friends in one or other of them. Now, however, this reproachful gap in our literature is being filled up, and here we have within a short space of time half-a-dozen books, all of them good and informative, and three of them at least of real importance. These three are the books by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, Sir Harold MacMichael and Mr. Curry. The latter's book was reviewed in these pages when it first appeared; the present edition is a cheaper reprint, but lacks none of the well-known production qualities of Faber books. It ought to be read because of its vitally important bearing on the Indian problem, and because of its own intrinsic merits. It has all the colour of one of the greatest of the Imperial services, and is the only real history of the Indian Police so far attempted.

Sir Harold MacMichael's and Mr. Crabitès' books cover much the same ground, although Sir Harold's contains a most interesting and illuminating description of the history of the Sudan from ancient times, and of the country and its people. It is not easy to recall any other book which gives such a complete and authoritative picture of this important *Condominium*. The authority of its author is, of course, unimpeachable, and the book is clearly written and well balanced. Indeed, Sir Harold deserves the thanks, not only of students of our own Imperial problems, but of students of history and economics generally, for the light which he has thrown on a corner of the world which is destined to assume much importance in the future. It is invidious to pick out individual chapters from a work which nowhere falls below a very high level; but the last four chapters on 'Principles of Administration', 'Native Administration in Practice', 'Education and Its Results', and 'The Future', represent a contribution of outstanding value to what all students of anthropology and colonial administration now recognise as one of the most important problems of the future, namely, the contact, as rulers and ruled, between highly developed and primitive peoples. Mr. Crabitès' book deals simply and clearly with the history of the Sudan from the time of Gordon, and gives us a clear picture of the present condition of the Sudan. His chief value, though, is as historian of the reconquest of the country by civilisation from barbarism.

Mr. Mason has given us a most diverting account of his own experiences in the Sudan, and his narratives will warm the hearts of those—and after all, they are the majority of us—who take pride in the pioneering and administrative achievements of our countrymen in wild and unfriendly lands. Mr. Hoare sets out to give us a picture of Rhodesia as it is today. He has met with great success. There is a good deal of the life and atmosphere and colour of the new, oncoming country in his pages. Also throughout the whole book there are evidences of his familiarity with the history of Rhodesia, and with its natives and pioneers. This is a contribution to the literature of the British Empire which should not be missed.

Lastly, we come to Sir Wilfred Grenfell's book. It is no disparagement to any of the others to say that this is *sui generis*. Sir Wilfred, of course, could not write on Labrador without producing a book of incomparable authority, but there is more than that in his book. There is the justification of the title, which is *The Romance of Labrador*. Its romance begins with its creation, and the opening chapter, 'The Pageant of the Rocks', is something new in geological writing. Each chapter is a pageant

—the Pageant of the Indians, Eskimo, Vikings, and of the great explorers of the prime of modern discovery. Sir Wilfred even takes us underneath the seas, and gives us an underwater pageant to balance his pageant of the animals on the land and the fowls of the air. Until now Labrador had been less known even than the Sudan, but Sir Wilfred has altered all this. Labrador lives in his pages, and he has produced one of those rare books which make the same instant and irresistible appeal to children and grown-ups alike. Anybody who is looking for a birthday present, or, for the matter of that, any other sort of present, has his or her problem solved by the appearance of *The Romance of Labrador*. The illustrations, both woodcuts and photographs, are excellent, and are worthy to illustrate such a letterpress.

The North

Our single purpose was to walk through snow
With faces swung to their prodigious North
Like compass iron. As clerks in whitened Banks
With bird-claw pens column virgin paper
To snow we added footprints.
Extensive whiteness drowned
All sense of space. We tramped through
Static, glaring days, Time's suspended blank.
That was in Spring and Autumn. Summer struck
Water over rocks, and half the world
Became a ship with a deep keel, the booming flocs
And icebergs with their little birds.
Twittering Snow Bunting, Greenland Wheatear
Red throated Divers; imagine butterflies
Sulphurous cloudy yellow; glory of bees
That suck from saxifrage; crowberry,
Bilberry, cranberry, *Pyrola uniflora*.
There followed winter in a frozen hut
Warm enough at the kernel, but dare to sleep
With head against the wall—ice gummed my hair!
Hate Culver's loud breathing, despise Freeman's
Fidget for washing: love only the dogs
That whine for scraps and scratch. Notice
How they run better (on short journeys) with a bitch.
In that, different from us.

Return, return, you warn. We do. There is
A network of railways, money, words, words, words.
Meals, papers, exchanges, debates,
Cinema, wireless; the worst is Marriage.
We cannot sleep. At night we watch
A speaking clearness through cloudy paranoia.
These questions are white rifts. Was
Ice our anger transformed? The raw, the motionless
Skies, were these the spirit's hunger?
The continual and hypnotized march through snow
The dropping nights of precious extinction, were these
Only the wide invention of the will,
The frozen will's evasion? If this exists
In us as madness here, as coldness
In these summer, civilized sheets: is the North
Over there, a tangible real madness
A glittering simpleton, one without towns
Only with bears and fish, a staring eye,
A new and singular sex?

STEPHEN SPENDER

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Sir Robert Morant. By Bernard Allen
Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

THE SUB-TITLE of this book, 'A Great Public Servant', suggests its purpose. For Morant is generally recognised as the greatest civil servant of modern times; it is therefore right that an account of his work should be written. But such a task is difficult, since the civil servant forms part of an organisation; what he accomplishes off his own bat cannot easily be distinguished from the work of the team. Moreover, if he is high in the service, he is closely associated with Ministers; and though he may by his expert advice, his enthusiasm, and constant prodding, help to shape policy, the responsibility must rest with the government of the day. All this applies particularly to Morant. After a valuable but disheartening period of service in Siam, he returned to England and became an assistant in the Office of Special Inquiries and Reports, at that time a semi-independent branch of the Board of Education. In this obscure position his ability was so noticeable that he became confidential adviser first to Sir John Gorst, and afterwards to A. J. Balfour; and by the age of forty, short-circuiting the usual lines of promotion, he was appointed Secretary of the Board of Education. Dr. Allen gives a detailed account of the work that Morant did behind the scenes towards facilitating the passage of the Act of 1902; but with the natural tendency of the biographer to magnify his hero, he overlooks the fact that the general lines of policy had already been laid down by the Cross and the Bryce Commissions. Certain things, however, Morant undoubtedly did himself: he set the ball rolling that finally scored the Cockerton judgment; he talked Joseph Chamberlain round into an attitude, if not of approval, at least of acquiescence, towards the Bill; and, most important of all, he kept Balfour's attention closely to the business. 'Unless you are going to take the helm in education next session', he wrote to Balfour in September, 1901, 'nothing will be done successfully'. Not less remarkable was Morant's organisation of the newly-created Board of Education, and particularly his skill in choosing colleagues and getting the last ounce of work out of them. Such a man neither was, nor sought to be, popular; but his resignation in 1911, owing to the trivial and misunderstood Holmes Circular, arrested the development of the educational system; he would doubtless have tidied up technical education, as he had already tidied up elementary and secondary. But his services to the nation were not lost, as were those of his greatest predecessor, Kay-Shuttleworth. The remaining nine years of his life—he died prematurely in 1920—were devoted to public health, first as Chairman of the National Insurance Commission, later as Secretary of the Ministry of Health. Years before, under the influence of his friend Margaret McMillan, he had enthusiastically launched the School Medical Service; he lived to see the inception of a unified Health Department. If Morant was a bureaucrat, may Heaven send us another!

Turkestan Solo. By Ella K. Maillart

Translated by John Rodker. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

No one who reads *Turkestan Solo* can doubt that Mlle. Maillart is a woman of outstanding courage and endurance; the main interest in this account of her journey lies in herself. She has been a gym. instructress in Moscow, she has represented Switzerland in International ski contests, sailed single-handed round most of the Mediterranean and is moreover a good-looking young woman. However, she was not content: 'My desire is to cross the desert to the slow gait of camels, and, in this age of aeroplanes, to enter into the thoughts and feelings of the padding caravans'. So she bluffed her way past the Moscow bureaucrats and set off for the Tien Shan, the Mountains of Heaven, which form a mighty snow-capped frontier between the Soviet steppes and the outer provinces of the dismembered Chinese Empire—those spreading Mongolian plains whence came the great conqueror Jenghiz Khan to overthrow the civilisations of Persia and the West seven centuries ago. Mlle. Maillart taught herself, in twenty-four hours, to master the agile pony which was to be her means of transport during the following months; but once she made herself a pair of skis from two boards, secured them to her feet with some copper wire filched from a new wireless station and scaled an eighteen-thousand-foot-high peak in a day—by herself. Meanwhile, her Russian companions complained of the weather, and their

Khirghiz guides attempted to shoot wild mountain sheep with ancient muzzle-loaders using bullets of their own manufacture. On this expedition, as elsewhere in Russian Turkestan, they travelled in fear of ambush by *Bassmatchi*—half Nationalist, half bandit opponents of the Soviet regime. Yet even in those inhospitable heights the O.G.P.U. were on the watch, primarily to ensure that none of the discontented tribesmen should escape from the collectivist Paradise envisaged by the Bolsheviks to the comparative freedom represented by the sporadic disorders in Chinese Turkestan.

From the mountains Mlle. Maillart went to Tashkent, the capital of Russian Central Asia, to Samarkand and Bukhara, living as far as she was able as the natives of these cities do and dressing as they do. Her clothes were in rags and in Samarkand two Germans in Homburg hats and natty suits were almost ashamed to be seen talking to her. Then she went on to the Oxus, fought her way on board a crowded paddle-boat and so down that historic river to Khiva, famous before the Russian conquest in the last century for the magnificence of its Emir and the learning of its citizens. By this time winter was about to close the river and the Aral Sea, and Mlle. Maillart tried to race the ice and dilatory Soviet methods in order to get back to the Orenburg-Tashkent Railway by water. She lost the race by twenty-four hours and so had to undertake a 300-mile camel journey across the snow-bound Kizil Kum desert in order to avoid retracing her tracks. On the way they met hundreds of refugees, attempting on foot the journey to the south and adequate supplies of food; the cold was so intense that Mlle. Maillart's nostrils became frozen together, and it can scarcely be imagined that many of these once well-nourished nomads can have survived that desert crossing.

The book throws much grim light on to the general misfortune which has overtaken the Asiatic tribesmen—whatever may be the case elsewhere—under the Soviet rule. Naturally some of the style has been lost in translation, and indeed the reader who follows the sentences too closely may well find himself talking pidgin English when he puts the book down. But the narrative is the thing and the sixty-odd illustrations (Mlle. Maillart's own photographs) are magnificent. Great credit is also due to the publishers for the way the book is produced.

Industrial Art Explained. By John Gloag
Allen and Unwin. 5s.

Mr. Gloag is well known to many listeners for his broadcast conversations and to many readers for his curious and stimulating novels. This popular introduction to the subject of Industrial Art is no doubt planned to prepare our eyes for what we shall see at the Royal Academy. And it seems to us perfectly fit for that purpose. It lacks the historical range and philosophical background of Mr. Herbert Read's larger book, but it is easier to comprehend and more strictly related to the occasion. Mr. Gloag does not hesitate to sail straight in and engage his enemies, though most of them are enemies from apathy rather than ill-will, and the reader is treated to an insight into the politics (they might almost be termed 'party politics') of the industrial art movement. Mr. Gloag very sensibly urges that the time has come for all workers in the field of industrial design to combine instead of duplicating their efforts, in view of the fact that the field is so large and untilled. He pleads for an Academy of Design. 'Academy' has perhaps the wrong associations, but we certainly need something like a Department of Scientific Research engaged on problems of designs as related to civilisation generally and to manufacture in particular. The Germans gained enormously from the national status of the *Werkbund* and the Swedes have a similar organisation with twice the influence and resources of any in this country. The overlapping and jealousy in England is indeed pitiful. It should be one of the immediate tasks of the Council of Art and Industry to co-ordinate all the activities at present dispersed amongst half-a-dozen bodies.

In one respect, however, many will be inclined to join issue with Mr. Gloag; that is where he discusses the future of the designer himself. 'The architect', he writes, 'is the only designer whose training is such that the manufacturer can be certain of getting the right sort of expert advice on design' (author's italics). Now it may be true that much of the best recent design in

certain trades has been from the hands of architects—the names of Keith Murray, Wells Coates, Chermayeff and Maxwell Fry occur to the mind at once—but this only proves that, the art schools having failed to train designers for these trades, the manufacturers had to go outside to find them. Architects are trained to build, and if some of the most brilliant of our own architects have had to occupy their time in designing radio cabinets and glass ware, it is only a measure of the stagnation of their own profession and the stupidity of patrons. And speaking of the profession, it seems strange that architects should be called on to design for manufacturers, when they have not yet learnt to build a contemporary civilisation. On the other hand, if Mr. Gloag means that the industrial designer's task is similar to that of the architect, we should be disposed to agree, but no good is served by calling him architect.

The book is well illustrated with pen and ink drawings as well as with a photographic supplement. Drawings have definite advantage for historical comparison, and the technique here is well exploited.

Erasmus. By Stefan Zweig. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

The epigraph of this book is an unintentional misquotation. On the page facing the list of illustrations is a reference to the '1544 edition of Tacitus' of 'Froben, Erasmus's publisher'. 'Froben, Erasmus's publisher', died in 1527. In the text proper the future Henry VIII is wrongly referred to as being in 1499 'the Prince of Wales'. We are told that Erasmus 'cajoled' the Bishop of Cambrai into engaging him as Latin secretary. There is no evidence for the allegation. We are told that few ever saw Erasmus in 'his priestly array', since he discarded 'the monkish habit' in 1488. Erasmus never discarded clerical dress, and the habit of an Augustinian canon—not of a monk, for he was never a monk—he left off only many years later. So one might go on, page after page.

No doubt, in such a book accuracy is not always of moment. It is not a biography, but an 'impression'. Moreover, Erasmus himself showed a proper contempt for chronology where it did not matter, and those who write about him cannot be asked to be more strict than he was. Sometimes, too, it seems that the translators—Eden and Cedar Paul—may be to blame, as when it is implied that Ignatius of Loyola spent twenty years at the Collège Montaigu in Paris (here spelt 'Montagu'). But all too often it is on biographical statements that Mr. Zweig's theories about his subject depend, and then his mistakes will not do. To support his view that Erasmus had a timid character, he says that Erasmus should have accepted the invitation from Charles V to go to the Diet of Augsburg in 1530. Erasmus was not invited to this Diet. He thinks that Erasmus likewise missed a great opportunity in not going in 1521 to that Diet of Worms where Luther rose to his full stature. This is completely to misunderstand the nature and extent of Erasmus' influence at that time. He would have us believe that Erasmus promoted 'the concept of a united Europe under the ægis of humanism' and hoped for 'the humanising of mankind' (whatever that may be). In doing so, he gravely distorts Erasmus' views, which, in any case, are hardly to be stated so simply.

However, if thereby interest is aroused in Erasmus Mr. Zweig will not have written in vain, for, as he says, today Erasmus is only a name; yet between us—children of the Industrial Revolution—and the glory that was Greece on the one hand and on the other the great Roman Empire in which Christianity sprang up, the Renaissance and the Reformation together form the chief arch, and of that arch Erasmus is the keystone.

Mount Peacock. By Marie Maureon. Cambridge. 6s.

In her first interview with the Mayor of this Provencal hamlet, the new mayor's-secretary-cum-schoolmistress attempted to discover what her duties were. He advised her to keep her wine in the prison—'it's never been used for anything else'—to keep the peace between mothers and their daughters-in-law, and to beat a drum whenever fire broke out. 'But when you summon your council meetings?' 'I never summon them. What would be the good of doing that? When I've anything to say—I just see them at the café. But . . . you see, I never do have anything to say to them'. And later, on the question of reports to the prefecture—'You stamp . . . you have a municipal rubber stamp . . . you post off whatever you like. You don't suppose anyone amuses himself by reading all those rigmaroles?' But even in Provencal hamlets there is apparently a progressive party. In this case its leader is the detestable District Superin-

tendent of Roads. He wants to electrify Mont Paon (in every sense) and is, therefore, chronically exasperated with that born reactionary, the Mayor. Cartloads of official papers, multi-coloured, arrive and have to be filled in; one census after another, much to the annoyance of all the inhabitants, must be concocted. And so the farce, or tragedy, goes on, the Republic being always thwarted in the end by human nature. If Mme. Maureon is on the side of human nature, one cannot wonder; she has an eye for all that is lovable and humorous. The beings who live in these pages are universalised by the humanity of the author, so that one hardly remembers they are 'foreigners'. Indeed, space forbids even an attempt to do justice to the wit, felicity and poetry of this little book. Mr. F. L. Lucas' translation seems extremely good, and he supplies a warmly appreciative introduction. But why have the French, of whom he thinks so highly, left it to an English publisher to present for the first time this enchanting fragment of French village life?

Mountaineering. Edited by Sydney Spencer

Lonsdale Library. Seeley Service. 21s.

Alpine Pilgrimage. By Julius Kugy. Murray. 12s.

An Alpine Journey. By F. S. Smythe. Gollancz. 16s.

The twenty-three expert authors of *Mountaineering* take it for granted that mountaineering is a reasonable activity; they therefore waste no space in explaining or justifying it, but devote themselves directly to making the results of experience, exploration and research available to all climbers who read their book. These will learn from C. F. Meade where to buy a sectional ice-axe; from E. R. Blanchet, how to plait rope *à la Genevoise*; from G. N. Humphreys, that Bwamanjala is the native headman to choose for Ruwenzori; from Dr. T. G. Longstaff, that whistling is considered bad form in the Himalayas, and bathing naked low-bred, from J. M. Wordie that a trip to the mountains of Spitzbergen or East Greenland need not exceed £50 to £70 per head for a party of two to four for two months, if the voyage is made by trawler or sealing sloop; from Dr. W. Rickmers Rickmers that you cannot do anything in Albania unless you are well in with the Franciscans, and that the most orthodox way to the inhabited tops of Greek mountains is by being pulled up in a bag. Each reader may find small points to cavil at in the section of which he himself has experience; the present reviewer, for instance, feels that the mountains of Scotland are dealt with far too summarily—there is no mention of the hills of Ross or Sutherland; and that Mr. G. R. Speaker writes with perhaps too gloomy a touch on the Dolomites—having first established that many of the conditions in the Dolomites resemble those of British rock-climbs and that a strong party trained on British crags can, as far as actual climbing is concerned, tackle any of the harder Dolomite climbs with equanimity, he then feels obliged to emphasise, with numerous horrid examples, the dangers which arise from those conditions which are *not* the same. But there is no question that on the whole *Mountaineering* admirably fulfils its purpose of being guide-book, text-book, and history of climbing all over the world.

'Most so-called mountaineering principles', writes Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young in his very good chapter on that subject, 'are only formulations of the best contemporary practice'; and here come Dr. Kugy's and Mr. Smythe's books to illustrate very aptly what the best contemporary practice is and has been over a period of sixty years. Dr. Kugy began his climbing, in the Julian Alps, in the days when the best guides were chamois poachers (he once had one fresh from nine years in prison), their footgear wooden clogs, or bare feet on rock, when mountains bristled with legends of inaccessibility, maps were erratic, outlying peaks had no name, and what Dr. Rickmers calls 'virgin hunting' was all in the day's work. His accounts of days on the high rock terraces of the Julians, of later climbs in the Western Alps—especially perhaps his first entry into Switzerland, over Monte Rosa from Macugnaga to Zermatt (in 1886, the fifth successful traverse), where he was feasted by a company of brilliant English mountaineers, and saw the guides whose names he venerated walk casually past the hotel—have about them the heroic quality of the heyday of Alpine climbing. Mr. Smythe writes of 1934, when the Alps have been partially mechanised and entirely mapped, guidebooked, and industrialised, when there is seldom need for a bivouac (Dr. Kugy can look back on nearly 200), maps are accurate, and equipment standardised. Yet when he describes in this book his solitary spring journey, on ski and on foot, from Bludenz to Montreux, we are far more

often reminded how like his practice and outlook are to Dr. Kugy's than how unlike. For instance, Dr. Kugy says, 'the better technical expert is not always the greater mountaineer'; Mr. Smythe, 'the ability merely to climb is of no more avail to a mountaineer than is the technical ability to lay on paint to an artist'. Both know very well how highly complex an affair it is, what demands it makes on the intelligence, judgment and spirit as well as on the eyes, ears, arms and legs, and how the climber must be able to control and co-ordinate his faculties so that in a moment of crisis he may be as detached and calm as Dr. Kugy when he slipped on the Steiner, or Mr. Smythe when the avalanche roared past him from the Dössistock. Again, both approach the question of guiding in the spirit recommended by Mr. Young, and decide the matter upon mountaineering considerations alone without prejudice and controversy; Dr. Kugy found he could get most enjoyment by going alone with one first-class guide; it suited Mr. Smythe, in the climbs told in this book, to go guideless, but that does not make him exalt guideless climbing as necessarily superior. Finally, in the face of record-breakers, 'firstclimbers' (another of Dr. Rickmers' nice words), and others, neither ever forgets what Mr. Young again enunciates, that we climb for pleasure, for 'pursuing the happiest kind of adventure . . . consistent with the degree of our experience, with our sense of proportion, and with our respect for noble scenery and a royal sport'. It was pleasure that took Dr. Kugy again and again to his favourite mountains, instead of making fresh conquests—25 to 30 times up Kanin, 30 up the Wischberg, 40 up Triglav; and it was pleasure that made Mr. Smythe enjoy so much his off-days, his lazy days, his smaller peaks and passes, hackneyed as most of them are, and that has resulted in his writing a book every bit as good as his records of adventure on unclimbed Himalayan mountains.

Coal and Men. By Harold M. Watkins Allen and Unwin. 18s.

This work, by the travelling Lecturer in Social Science for the Glamorgan County Council, certainly covers ground which has not been dealt with hitherto, or, at any rate, dealt with so exhaustively. Of the five chapters into which the book is divided, the fourth, in which is instituted a comparison of the Coal Industry in the United States of America and in Great Britain, constituting nearly half the book, is by far the most interesting and valuable part of it, and especially section 1 thereof describing the education of the workers, including miners. Indeed, the impression left on the reader's mind is that the author has come to the conclusion that the British coal miner is better off, all things considered, than his American cousin. Adult Education we learn (page 379) 'is certainly in a chaotic condition' in the United States. There is 'retarded development of working-class consciousness', whatever working-class consciousness may mean! 'The American working man has for several generations been less interested in self-education than the British' (page 365). He asks (page 258): 'How long will it be before a home in an independent community will be as normal to the American miner as it is today to the British miner? How much longer is the Company-controlled Camp to be tolerated as a necessary evil? This is one of the most challenging social problems in America arising out of the conduct of the coal mining industry'. The author gives (page 129) the comparative wages—men and boys—British miners at £2 6s. 5d. per week against £4 6s. per week for the United States, but though he does not answer the question 'How do the wages in the two countries compare' directly, he concludes this part of his inquiry with this statement—'If then we conclude that the American miner is no better off financially', taking all things into consideration, 'we can say definitely he is much worse off if we extend the comparison to include the value of social service, civic rights, economic freedom and political independence'.

In his 'Analysis of the present world coal situation, with particular reference to the trade of Great Britain and the United States of America, and of possibilities of development' (Chapter II) the author falls into several common errors, one of which is that the lessened demand for coal is due in part to its more economical use, in part to the great extension in the employment of gas and electricity, and to the harnessing of water power. But this is not so. The more economical use of a commodity, as Professor Jevons observed, does not lead to a reduction in consumption but the reverse. Every economy in the production of an essential commodity, if duly reflected in its selling price, will increase public demand. Another error is

that in respect of what he terms the 'characteristic inelasticity of demand for coal', for he fails to take into consideration the two important factors which have promoted the present 'inelasticity' in regard to the British coal industry, namely, the imposition by statute of artificial restriction and the fixation of minimum selling prices. Nor can one adopt his pessimistic view that 'the coal mining industry is a declining industry'.

Like so many lay writers on the coal mining industry, the author is guilty of a number of historical and technical errors—for instance, in regarding the deposition of the coal measures as taking place not more than twenty million years ago. The value of coal was realised far longer ago than 'less than two centuries'. Nor is there any ground whatever for supposing that the Ancient Britons worked coal before the Roman occupation; and Tonge's statement, which the author reproduces, 'that tools of a peculiarly Roman type have been found in old colliery workings', is quite wrong. Nor is 852 A.D. the earliest historical reference to coal in Britain, for that reference, in the Saxon Chronicle, is to charcoal. The author, too, confuses lignite and brown coal, which are two different substances. Nor is he correct in his statement that the coal production is 'greater from Durham than that of any other field except the Yorkshire', for that of the South Wales coalfield is greater than that of Durham; nor is it true that 'in the Yorkshire and North Midland coalfield the seams are the thickest', for there are far thicker seams in South Staffordshire and in East Fife. Again, the hours of work in the British coal mines are not eight but seven-and-a-half. Apart from such like errors, the fact that the author has an evident bias towards socialism, his weakness in regard to certain technical aspects of mining, and that in regard to Great Britain his experience seems mainly to have been gained in South Wales, the work constitutes an interesting contribution to the sociology and economics of coal mining in Great Britain and America.

Old Bungay. By Ethel Mann Heath Cranton. 10s. 6d.

This is an excellent local history, just such a loving and painstaking collection of facts made by a native over a long period as any old town in England should be proud of. The enthusiasm and knowledge of the authoress, amply supported by personal reminiscences, letters and deeds, accounts and registers, old diaries and public records, have made old Bungay live again as in past centuries. The main sources of information are a collection of papers made over a century ago by J. B. Scott, of Bungay, and an unpublished *History of Suffolk* (1790) written by Edmund Gillingwater. An attempt (Chapter I) to get together a number of indeterminate antiquities should have had the help of an expert in pre-Norman archaeology; e.g. the find of an important hoard of 2,000 Roman coins (*minimi*, not *minima*) is mentioned without dates or hint as to its historical significance. (It probably belongs to the fourth century.) A foreword which makes great play with the 'Druid's Stone' in the churchyard and the pagan origin of Bungay Fair is pure phantasy. And where, oh where, is the map that would have been so helpful? This is the third local history to hand in the last few months that has denied the reader this essential. However, these pages teem with varied interests and good stories. The two outstanding events in Bungay annals are the terrible storm in 1577, mentioned by Stowe in his additions to Holinshed, and the great fire in 1688 which destroyed the greater part of the town, some 400 buildings, leaving only two churches and five or six old houses, one of which, still standing, dates back to 1400. The accounts of the Town Reeve (an officer who still functions) and Feoffees, and the St. Mary's Churchwardens' books from 1523 to 1853 make very good reading. The vicissitudes of wall paintings in churches are well reflected in 1561, when 2d. was paid for 'a pound of Redde ockyr for defacing the Christopher'. Whitened over under Edward VI, it had been restored during Mary's reign. The faint outline was found in 1923 when the wall was washed for recolouring. Old-time industries included the manufacture of hempen cloth (huckaback), vineyards from the thirteenth century, and the Waveney transport of timber, coal and corn, from which one Matthias Kerrison left nearly a million pounds at his death in 1827. Of Bungay printing, well known today through the press of Messrs. Clay and Son, the protagonist was John Childs during the first half of the nineteenth century. Among famous names connected with the town are those of Friar Bungay, Thos. Bardwell (artist), Thos. Miller (bookseller), Thos. Manning (traveller), and Chateaubriand, whose romance with Charlotte Ives is movingly told.

New Novels

The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole. By Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo. Cassell. 10s.

The Eternal Smile. By Pär Lagerkvist. Gordon Fraser, Cambridge. 5s.

A Modern Lover. By D. H. Lawrence. Secker. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THE *Desire and Pursuit of the Whole*, like *Tristram Shandy*, raises the question of how a personality which would exasperate us past bounds in real life can charm us so powerfully when it is expressed in fiction. Rolfe's story has no resemblance to *Tristram Shandy*, except that it has this powerful charm and reflects at the same time a personality that is displeasing. The enjoyment which we receive from his dramatisation of himself, however, is not merely malicious; for persecution mania is such a painful mental misfortune that even malice could scarcely find any pleasure in contemplating it. Yet Rolfe makes this disease, the torment of his own life, and the plague of all his friends, charming; there is no other word for it. The same thing happens with his griefs and despairs: they do not seriously move us, even though they are superbly described; they merely charm us. The vanity and malice that run an alternate race through the book, the one relieving the other, are just as harmless and turn just as inevitably into something pleasing. Vanity is probably the human failing which most quickly rouses annoyance and retaliation in other people; but when Rolfe writes of his hero, that is himself: 'He read over what he had already done. It seemed to be almost as far above the ordinary as he wished it to be', we are delighted, and feel no displeasure at his presumption. And that is not merely because his work is actually far above the ordinary; in other circumstances such a consideration would not soften us. Rolfe's satire, too, savage and blistering as it has every appearance of being, produces merely an impression of comic ferocity. Take this admirable example:

While he was speaking, the Erastian Mr. Warden and his lady passed, on the way to a tardy dinner. The lady was a soured withered meagre lath of smirking female with the thinnest of pinched lips and nose-nippers, exquisitely dressed autumnally, clinking with narrow chains, famishing and parching for worshipful attention. The ghostly gentleman was meagre also, and knock-kneed: his face and head (by aid of goggles, nostrils at 45°, a flat, long upper-lip, and a thin, wide, rather abject grin) were the face and head of a skull, abnormally philoprogenitive. His gait was harassed, but obsequious. He cast a timid glance at the two English-speaking men as he went by; and would have moved, if he could have caught an eye. None was tossed his way.

How exact and apparently destructive that is, and yet how innocuous. We feel that Mr. Warden and his lady, after being tossed and gored so thoroughly, are quite uninjured, indeed perfectly unconscious of their punishment; that the satire, in other words, is a purely theoretical affair in which the dreams of Rolfe's imagination are flayed and scalded with the gusto of a little girl revenging herself on her dolls for the injustices of life, but with no more pertinent effect. It is something like this that transmutes things which must in Rolfe's experience have been painful in the highest degree into pure comedy, partly conscious and partly unconscious—it is extremely difficult to put one's finger on the boundary between the two in Rolfe's work. As a stylist he was certainly more conscious of what he did than most writers: his effects were deliberate. As a portrayer of life he was perfectly sincere, with the sincerity of an incorruptible egoist. But his response to life was almost fictitious; and though most of the characters in this book are satirical portraits of actual people, they belong to the world of his fantasy, and in slaying them there he was performing a feat to which our usual responses to satire are quite unsuitable. This transmutation of reality into fantasy which gives all the ferocity of actual life a comic aspect is probably at the bottom of our enjoyment of Rolfe's work, and makes him, by virtue of what would normally be a fault, a unique writer.

If he had not been a writer of genius as well, however, he could not have performed this minor miracle. One can feel his power as a stylist in the first page, as for instance when, speaking of the manner in which Nicholas and Gilda are brought together, he says: 'A certain deftness, which I notice about things in general, causes me shrewdly to imagine that this business might have been done without devastating a pair of provinces and massacring a couple of hundred thousand Christians', which is his magniloquent way of explaining that the two lovers met as the result of an earthquake. His work is full of such delightful strokes. The descriptions of the earthquake

itself and of its after-effects are worthy of a writer of the first rank; and the whole story of the adventures of Nicholas and Gilda in Venice is managed with extraordinary skill. This remarkable book was kept back from publication for several years, Mr. A. J. A. Symons says in his admirable introduction, because of its scurrilous portraits of R. H. Benson and various other people, which might have provided matter for libel. It tells the story of Rolfe's life in Venice a few years before his death. If we keep that in mind, it is impossible not to feel admiration for the writer's courage in the face of many and severe misfortunes. But we never keep it in mind for long, for Rolfe's genius itself makes us forget it, leading us into a comic world which is unlike any other that has been created by the imagination. The comedy is largely involuntary; for it is impossible to conceive that the effect which Rolfe intended to produce on his readers is the one he really produces. But the comedy is nevertheless the result of an extremely idiosyncratic and one-sided logic, not of mere literary blundering (Rolfe was a fastidious artist and never blundered), and as such it is inherently interesting and quite unique. There is nothing one can do with such a book but urge people to read it.

The author of *The Eternal Smile* is, according to the publisher's note, 'one of the outstanding figures of contemporary Scandinavian literature'. The book itself is certainly a remarkable one. The action takes place in eternity, where the dead sit about and go over their lives in the world in talk or silence. The pain of life as they have known it, and the impossibility of comprehending its endless meanings, impels them at length to unite and go off through eternity in search of God. After thousands of years they find Him, and the answers He gives to their questions disappoint them at first; but they return to their task of existing consoled with the conviction that life is 'the one thing conceivable among all that is inconceivable'. This latter part of the story suffers from the unavoidable disability of all moral allegory: that it substitutes for the meaning which imagination of itself finds in existence a set and definite intellectual meaning. That meaning, however, is not a conventional one, a mere moral to the story. Perhaps the most extraordinary part of the book is where the dead recall their life on earth: these impressions are as vivid as a dream and are worked out at the same time in the most solid detail. The book is a short one; but it is so condensed and so packed with original imagination that it is clearly the work of a writer of whom we should know more than we do. The translation from the Swedish, by Denys W. Harding and Erik Mesterton, impresses one sometimes as striking an uneasy balance between the literary and the colloquial; but not knowing the original I cannot judge of its merit. The book is easy to read, and it is highly exciting.

A Modern Lover contains six short stories written by Lawrence in 1910 and 1911, when he was first trying his hand, and an unfinished novel, *Mr. Noon*, which he began and then dropped in 1921. The last is as good, so far as it goes, as many novels that he did not drop: it contains, like all Lawrence's stories, a great deal of wonderful dialogue, and shows signs of the archness which grew upon him later until it became one of the most irritating faults of his work. The early stories are not so good; but they are interesting both for their own sake—for the beauty and freshness of their impressions of nature—and for the light which they throw on Lawrence's later style. The qualities of that style are already present in them, though not yet completely unfolded. Its vividness may be seen in countless touches, as for instance in a description of 'large spaces of arable and of grassland', 'where only the unopposed wind and the great clouds mattered, where even the little grasses bent to one another indifferent of the traveller'. In this early work his style has sometimes a tender lingering movement, especially in descriptions of nature, which it afterwards lost. No doubt that was bound to happen; but this volume is nevertheless useful as rounding off one's idea of Lawrence's genius.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *No Man is Single*, by Stuart Hawkins (Duckworth), and *Landscape with Figures*, by Bryan Guinness (Putnam)—each 7s. 6d.